HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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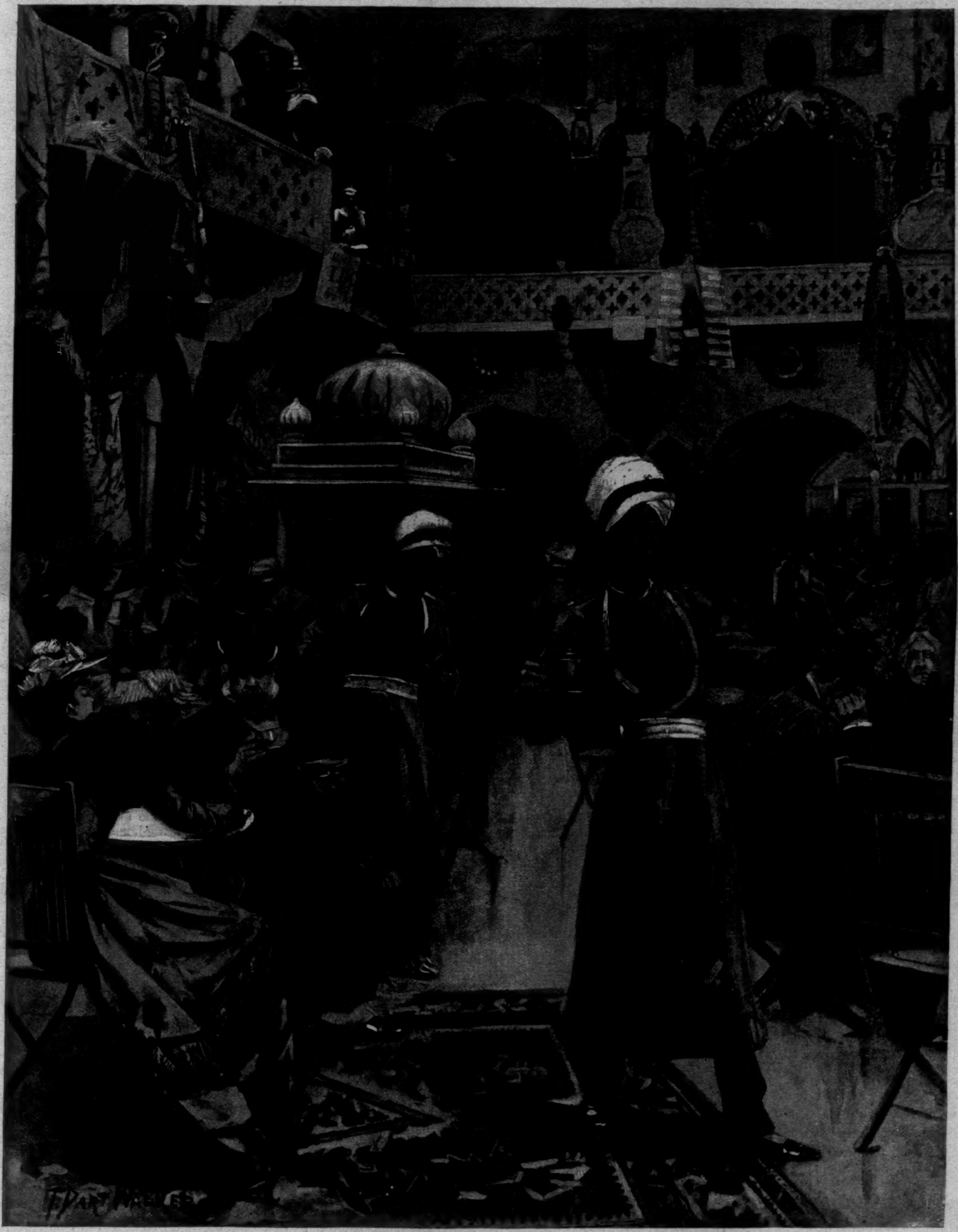

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—IN THE INDIA BUILDING.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.

NATIVES SERVING TEA WITHOUT CHARGE TO ALL COMERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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During the summer months the department of MUSIC AND DRAMA *in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be suspended.*

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

THE student of German politics is first struck with the large number of political parties in that country. For this there exists a peculiar reason. It is not merely the strong spirit of individualism prevalent among the Germans, the disinclination to subordinate one's own opinion to that of others, but it springs from the political constitution of the German Empire. This constitution is in some respects very similar to that of the United States. The empire is a federation of states like this republic; it has a chief executive, the Kaiser, corresponding to our President, a House of states, called the Bundesrath, corresponding to our Senate, and a House of the representatives of the people, the Reichstag, corresponding to our House of Representatives. But there are important differences. The members of the Reichstag are, indeed, elected by universal suffrage, as our Representatives are, and a majority of votes in the Reichstag is required for the passage of laws and of money appropriations, the consent of the Bundesrath being also required. But the members of the Bundesrath are appointed, very much like ambassadors, by the governments of the different states composing the empire, and the office of the chief executive, the Kaiser, is hereditary. The ministry of the empire consists of the Chancellor, and a number of Secretaries at the head of the different departments of the government, who appear in the Reichstag and take part in the debates, but do not go out of office when the measures they propose or advocate are voted down. In this respect the German executive again is like that of this republic. But while our executive is subject to change by a popular vote in the Presidential election every four years, the executive of the German Empire, as to its *personnel*, is beyond the reach of the popular vote. Thus, while in the United States a political party carrying the Presidential election will get possession of the executive branch of the government, a political party in Germany has no such prize to fight for. It can only hope to win a certain influence in the Reichstag by the number of votes it commands there. But that influence will never amount to a complete control of the government, for if its majority were ever so large, it could not put its leaders into office. The principal prize being out of their reach, political parties in Germany are not held together by the same stimulus of ambition nor by the same sense of responsibility as they are here. Their members have not the same inducement to adhere to the organization at the sacrifice of their opinions on matters of secondary importance. They easily divide upon minor issues into smaller groups—the Conservatives as they are more or less conservative, the Liberals as they are more or less liberal, or as they have special objects of policy or local interests in view.

Parties not being organized for the purpose of gaining possession of the government, the Reichstag is never divided into two great camps, the firm supporters of the government on one side and the opposition on the other. Excepting a small number of ultramonarchists, whose political creed it is to obey the monarch's will under any circumstances, the different party groups vote sometimes for and sometimes against the government, as it suits their pleasure, and the government has to construct the required majorities for the bills it wishes to put through by drawing support from different sides, and sometimes by bargaining for such support with concessions on other subjects. BISMARCK was a great master of this kind of parliamentary diplomacy, and seldom failed. His successor, CAPRIVI, did fail in his efforts to get together a majority in favor of the bill for increasing the army, and now that an appeal to the people has been had, he will have to try his fortune in bargaining for votes in the new Reichstag again.

That the recent elections for the Reichstag would not turn out a working majority for the army bill was generally predicted. It looked as if it would be impossible to persuade the German people that there was serious danger of war, and that the army was not large enough to meet any probable emergency. But, after all, the government has come out of this contest stronger than was expected. To this result the second ballots, rendered necessary in an unusually large number of districts by the failure to obtain an absolute majority for any candidate on the first ballot, have greatly contributed. And this was owing not so much to the positive strength of the government as to the impression produced upon the popular mind by certain of its opponents.

There are two political parties in Germany which show more cohesion and a stricter discipline than the rest. These are the clericals, called the Centre party, and the socialists. The Centre party serves the interests of the Catholic Church, and receives its inspirations from the Catholic clergy. It is not entirely free from internal conflicts, and after the death of its great leader, WINDTHORST, a parliamentarian of consummate skill, an open feud broke out between the aristocratic and the popular wings about the leadership. The aristocrats favored a compromise on the army bill, while the Centrists more inclined to political liberalism sternly opposed it. It was expected that this feud would materially weaken the clericals in the election, but such has not been the case. The popular wing of the party turned out to be the predominant force in it, and the clericals won about as many seats as they had held before, owing in greatest measure to the active agitation carried on by the priests, and, it is said, not a little to the secret influence of the confessional.

The socialists entered into the election campaign with high hopes and a tremendous blast of trumpets as to what they were going to accomplish. Nor were their expectations of great gains without good reason. They had prudently disowned all distinctly anarchist tendencies. They pronounced themselves indeed in favor of a social revolution, but a revolution of a peaceable nature; they predicted that in a certain number of years "capitalistic society" will go into bankruptcy, and that the control of society will, in a perfectly natural way, as a matter of course, fall into the socialists' hands. Thus they disclaimed all intentions of overturning the present order of things by means of dynamite or armed insurrection, because no resort to bloody force would be necessary to bring on the new state of society. The constant increase in the burdens of taxation for military purposes furnished them taking arguments against the government and against the "capitalistic society" supporting it, and the excitement produced by the recent army bill gave them a welcome opportunity for especially effective agitation among the working people, the small tradesmen, and even, to some extent, among the peasantry. Thus they won the votes of a good many people who know little or nothing about socialistic theories, but who are for a change, and see in the socialists the party of the people. Moreover, the party machinery of the socialists is so perfect and is worked so efficiently that at every election of importance they bring the whole of their voting force to the polls. Thus they are apt to look stronger than they are in comparison with the other political organizations, whose strength at the ballot-box is always reduced by the large number of stay-at-homes. But the socialists, in former parliaments only a mere handful, have actually won seats enough to appear in the Reichstag as a parliamentary party almost next to the strongest.

The displays of strength made by the clericals and the socialists in the recent election have had a double effect. On the one hand they have put into the Reichstag a good many votes against the government. On the other hand they have set to thinking a good many patriotic Germans who otherwise would have been opposed to the army bill. They believe that the clericals, who constantly clamor for the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope, and who receive their political impulses to a large extent from the Roman hierarchy, an essentially foreign influence, do not wish, for this reason, the German Empire to become too strong a power, and that they therefore oppose the army bill. They believe also that while a feeble party of socialists in the German Empire may be harmless, a very strong socialistic party may become very dangerous to public security and order, and they observe with increasing alarm the riotous disposition shown here and there by the socialists on occasions connected with the election. There is but one step from reflections like these to the thought that it may, after all, be best to have a stronger army ready for all emergencies. This process of reasoning has already had a decided effect at the second ballots in favor of the government; and if it continues to work, the very strength of some of the elements of the opposition to the government, especially of the socialists, may serve to render easy to Count CAPRIVI the formation in the new Reichstag of those parliamentary combinations which are required for the success of the army bill. The most interesting question then will be in what way these combinations will affect the political and economic course of the government.

A TREASURY COLLAPSE.

IN current discussions of the precarious condition of the national Treasury the decline in the gold reserve has received most attention. That decline has indeed been striking. From a net holding of gold amounting to nearly 200 millions in the early part of 1889, and still amounting to 150 millions in the early part of 1891, the Treasury gold has sunk to less than the reserve of 100 millions, and at its lowest during the present month stood below 90 millions. But there is another aspect of the situation which is equally important and significant, and which has received little attention: the complete collapse in the gold receipts of the government, as indicated by the nature of the receipts for customs in the port of New York.

Before the resumption of specie payments in 1879 gold only was received in payment of customs duties. After resumption there was some hesitation whether to receive United States notes, or greenbacks, for customs; but in view of the government's readiness, and then unquestionable ability, to redeem them in gold, it was natural, although no formal authority was given by law, that they too should be accepted. The silver legislation of 1878 made the silver dollars and silver certificates also receivable for customs duties. The Treasury notes of the SHERMAN act of 1890 are a complete legal tender, and so of course receivable at the Custom-house. Consequently, since 1879, any one of these forms of currency may be turned in for tariff duties. Fluctuations in the proportion which one or another holds in the customs receipts is one of the most significant facts in the development of the currency situation; and the complete disappearance of gold from these payments is the striking feature of the last six weeks.

Until 1891 by far the largest part of the duties in the port of New York were paid in gold, the proportion varying from 80 per cent. to 95 per cent. There were, it is true, some periods when silver certificates and greenbacks were received in considerable proportions; but, on the whole, the collections were mainly in gold. Consequently the transactions of the New York Sub-Treasury with the Clearing-house banks were chiefly in terms of gold. The Treasury took in gold for customs, and paid it out in settlement of the balances against it at the Clearing-house.

The change in the last two years is indicated by the following figures, which state the per cent. of gold, silver (whether silver dollars or silver certificates), United States notes, and Treasury notes of 1890 received at the Custom-house in New York at the dates named:

	Gold. Per cent.	Silver. Per cent.	United States Notes. Per cent.	Treasury Notes. Per cent.
January, 1889...	83.1	6.3	10.6	....
January, 1890...	92.6	2.9	4.6	....
January, 1891...	88.6	2.1	4.1	5.2
January, 1892...	66.2	4.3	15.0	14.5
July, 1892...	13.9	15.5	28.4	42.2
January, 1893...	8.9	15.8	42.1	33.2
February, " ...	9.2	20.7	33.3	36.8
March, " ...	7.8	15.7	28.0	48.5
April, " ...	3.0	23.3	41.0	32.7
May, " ...	0.1	37.8	26.2	35.9
June (20 days)...	0.0	15.0	54.0	31.0

It will be seen that since the beginning of 1891 gold has had a steadily diminishing place in the customs receipts, and that by the middle of 1892 it formed an insignificant part of them. The decline began, indeed, earlier than is indicated by these figures, for it showed itself distinctly in 1891. But the enormous crops and exports of that year staved it off for a while, clearing the financial situation, and causing the proportion of gold receipts to rise again to a respectable figure (66 per cent.) in January, 1892. Since that date there has been no recovery. The gold receipts sank to a beggarly fraction, and during the last six weeks have entirely disappeared. No gold at all is being received at the Custom-house; paper and silver alone are taken in. Consequently in the last two years the transactions of the government with the Clearing-house banks have been made less and less on a gold basis. The Treasury has received paper, and it has paid out paper, necessarily meeting the balances against it at the Clearing-house in the form of money which came in from the customs receipts.

The causes of this collapse—for it can be called nothing else—are twofold; or rather they are two aspects of one and the same cause. They are the excessive issues of the SHERMAN act and the disturbance of public confidence caused by them. At first, in 1891, the decline in the gold receipts was due simply to the redundancy of paper money caused by the issue of Treasury notes under the act of 1890. Under the conditions of modern commerce and banking an excess of paper money tends to accumulate in the hands of the great central banking depositories. These are, in the United States, the associated banks of New York; and an examination of the cash held by these banks since the beginning of 1891 shows unusually large holdings of legal tenders, with almost stationary holdings of gold. It is natural, as paper money accumulates in the vaults of the banks, that this, rather than the gold which they hold, should be turned over to the Treasury, *viâ* the Custom-house.

This tendency, of course, is still further strengthened by the declining confidence in the government's financial stability, and the possibility of a suspension of gold payments by the Treasury. The complete disappearance of gold receipts in the last few weeks indicates how great has been the shock to confidence, and how unwilling large holders of gold are to part

with it. Very likely the action of the banks will be commented on by some of our friends in the West as proof of the grasping after gold and the conspiracy of the monopolists of Wall Street, which are regarded by them as among the crimes of the age. But in truth it is the inevitable result of the government's financial position and of the strained condition of the currency. So long as all foreign transactions must be carried on in terms of gold, and many domestic obligations are payable in that metal, the great banks, from which the means of meeting all such demands must come, are naturally chary of parting with their holdings; and as long as the government issues monthly more money than finds its way into the usual channels of circulation, they find a surplus of paper currency on their hands, and turn it over to the Treasury.

FLEET DRILLS.

The terrible disaster to the British battle-ship *Victoria* has been discussed by the daily press as to the bearing of the accident on the policy of constructing heavily armored battle-ships. This is a question which can be satisfactorily answered only by naval experts; but there is another lesson to be learned, more apparent to the lay mind, and having a direct and immediate bearing upon the present naval policy of our own government.

The accident occurred while the fleet, of which the *Victoria* was the flag-ship, was executing a difficult manœuvre. The movement is one known to naval officers as the "gridiron movement." Practically it involves a direct change of front. It is an about face. Whether it is a proper or an obsolete movement is a question that has been raised on this side of the water. It is sufficient, however, for the purposes of this article that it is a movement practised by the first naval power of the world, and approved by Sir George Tryon, who lost his life by reason of its faulty execution, and who was justly regarded as the best tactician in the British navy.

It has been said by a daily newspaper that the accident shows the undue cost of manœuvres. This is certainly an ingenuous way of regarding a military subject. If drill should be discontinued because it is dangerous, ships and soldiers should run away in time of war, because gunshot wounds are very likely to be fatal to both.

The accident and its attendant incidents show quite the contrary of this contention. They demonstrate the absolute necessity of constant squadron drill. In actual warfare battle-ships, rams, torpedo-boats, and cruisers will act together in fleets. A sea-fight cannot be carried on between two squadrons without constant manœuvring. The movements must be made in an atmosphere obscured by smoke, and when the minds of the commanding officers and navigators are distracted by excitement and by the details of the battle. If a movement is difficult of performance when those who are charged with the duty of making it have nothing to think of but the proper handling of their ships, how much more difficult it would be when, in addition to the problems of navigation, there is an aggressive enemy to contend with, to avoid, and to strike!

There was never a time in the naval history of the world when squadron drilling was more necessary than it is today. Since the application of steam to war-ships there has been no great fight between hostile fleets, and the conduct of modern ships in such an action is still an unsolved problem. Tactical conditions have changed since the wind ceased to be an element in manœuvring; but this much is certain, that in a contest between fleets of modern battleships the squadron whose component ships operate best together will probably carry the day, while the ships of an undrilled or inadequately drilled squadron would be involuntary allies of the enemy by getting in each other's way, and perhaps sinking one another as the *Camperdown* sank the *Victoria*.

The application of all this to our own circumstances is important. The strong men of our own navy hold that our new war-ships should be formed into two squadrons, one on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific seaboard, and subjected to constant drill. The present Secretary of the Navy has not accepted this view, but has adhered to the old practice, which was well enough in sailing days, when much time was consumed in passing from port to port, when communication was by mail, and when consequently a vessel might be too late to protect American interests if she had to be sent from home ports. But in these days of steam and electricity there is no need of keeping ships in foreign stations. The Secretary, however, has divided our small force into five squadrons, and has made fleet drill impossible by giving the command of them to old admirals who are to retire within the year. Perhaps the fatal disaster in the Mediterranean will be an object-lesson to the heads of our navy.

EXERCISING THE BRITISH LION.

It has been observed by everybody, of course, that the old-fashioned Fourth of July speech, in which the royal tail of the British lion is looked upon as a convenient object to be seized on and agitated with a violent rotary movement, has about disappeared. We have noticed, too, a general tendency in the newspapers to approve this state of things, and even to congratulate the country on it. Editorial instances of this are already beginning to appear this summer. It occurs to us that our brethren of the press are too hasty in assuming that everything in the old-time oration was bad. In fact, we are ready to enter a distinct plea in favor of the said oration, even to the fast and furious gyration of the before-mentioned caudal appendage of the haughty companion of the unicorn.

The Weekly yields to no one in its desire for honorable peace with foreign powers. Especially should we deplore any rupture of the pleasant relations existing between the two great English-speaking nations of the globe. But the idea sometimes put forward that tail-twisting Independence-day oratory in any way tends to bring about hostilities is a mistake. The British lion rather likes it. In these fallen days of a long peace it is about the only exercise the beast gets. And then the exercise it gives the orator! Not, of course, to mention the boost it frequently gives his Congressional prospects.

Another point against the condemnation of the old-fashioned speech by the press is that oratory is admittedly a declining art, and since it owes this decline wholly to the great growth of the periodical press, it is hardly a graceful thing in this press to keep constantly pointing the finger of triumph at its victim. If the press replies that it does not object to all of the old-fashioned Fourth of July oration, but merely to the unseemly employment of the British lion's tail in the guise of a crank, we can only say that to our mind a few smart turns of this tail are absolutely necessary for the successful Independence-day speech. There must be harmony in all things, and a day given up to fire-crackers, flags, brass bands, cannons, marching militia, sky-rockets, lacerated small-boy fingers, and other similar demonstrations, is no time for an oration on the isosceles triangle or a few scientific observations on the use of the squirt-gun in the arid regions. The speech must fit the day. Liberties of a free and vigorous nature must be taken with the tail of some foreign animal; this being settled, what is there for the conscientious orator but the British lion? He cannot "jump on" the national animal of any country with which we have never had trouble. It is true that we once had a small misunderstanding with Mexico, but, strictly between ourselves, our attitude in that affair was nothing to be particularly proud of, and the idea of a Fourth of July orator plucking the tail feathers from the Mexican eagle cannot for a moment be entertained. Nothing but the lion remains. We say that it is the privilege, if not the duty, of the Fourth of July orator to lay hold of the tail of this beast and twist it till he roars for mercy. The highest point reached by the old-fashioned Independence-day speaker was when he exclaimed, with a fervor which shook the new pine boards of the platform and gave the young ladies in white who represented the States a nervous tremor, "Fellow-citizens of this great and glorious republic, we have licked him twice, and, by the blue vault which bends above us, we can lick him again!" This was suiting the word to the day's action. There was a fire-cracker in every word of this sort of talk, with torpedoes for the commas, and a sky-rocket for the exclamation point. This is "letting the eagle scream," and it does the bird good. An eagle is not a fowl which can always be kept in a cage and maintained in the best health. He must be taken out occasionally and allowed to flap his wings and exercise his lungs. Obviously the fourth day of July is the natural time for this, as it is also for knotting up the tail of the British lion into curious forms; and each operation is altogether seemly, harming no one, giving each animal necessary calisthenics, and promoting the perishing cause of local oratory. The old-fashioned Independence-day eloquence was a good thing. If there is any of it left anywhere about here and there in odd corners, we hope it may keep up its hold on life and on the tail of the unfortunate animal, which, we are credibly informed, we have already roughly handled twice, and which we are ready for again at any time.

THINGS TALKED OF

We have received from a valued correspondent a courteous objection to our reference to the resolutions of the Noah L. Farnham Post, G. A. R., as "denouncing pension frauds." He says, which is true, that these resolutions were a definition of the terms on which alone the Farnham Post thought that veterans were entitled to pensions, and he believes these terms to be too narrow. The chief resolution referred to related to the following preamble: "Whereas, the only veterans entitled to pensions are those who, by wounds or disabilities incurred in the service of the country, are prevented from earning a living in their respective callings, as they might have done had such wounds or disabilities not been incurred, and whose circumstances are such as to justify them in calling on the country for aid or support." The resolution was: "Resolved, that any old soldier or sailor who applies for or accepts a pension, except under the conditions above set forth, is, in the opinion of this post, guilty of conduct calculated to injure the good men who were and are willing to give their lives for their country without any reward, save the approval of their own conscience, and that honorable fame that is due to every patriot." This sets up a standard to which our correspondent may properly object as too exacting, but it also includes the condemnation of fraudulent pensions, and of pensions which would be unfair by a lower standard. The Farnham Post followed it up by efforts to expose the ill ways of pension agents, and the numerous abuses of the pension bureau. We believe that it was these, and not the rigor of its standard for pensions, that aroused opposition to the post and led to its disbandment. And we are confident that the great body of the Grand Army of the Republic are sound in their views, agree with the spirit, if not the letter, of the utterances of the Farnham Post, and will yet be fighting with the members of the latter for an honorable pension list—a fight in which we are sure that our correspondent will enlist.

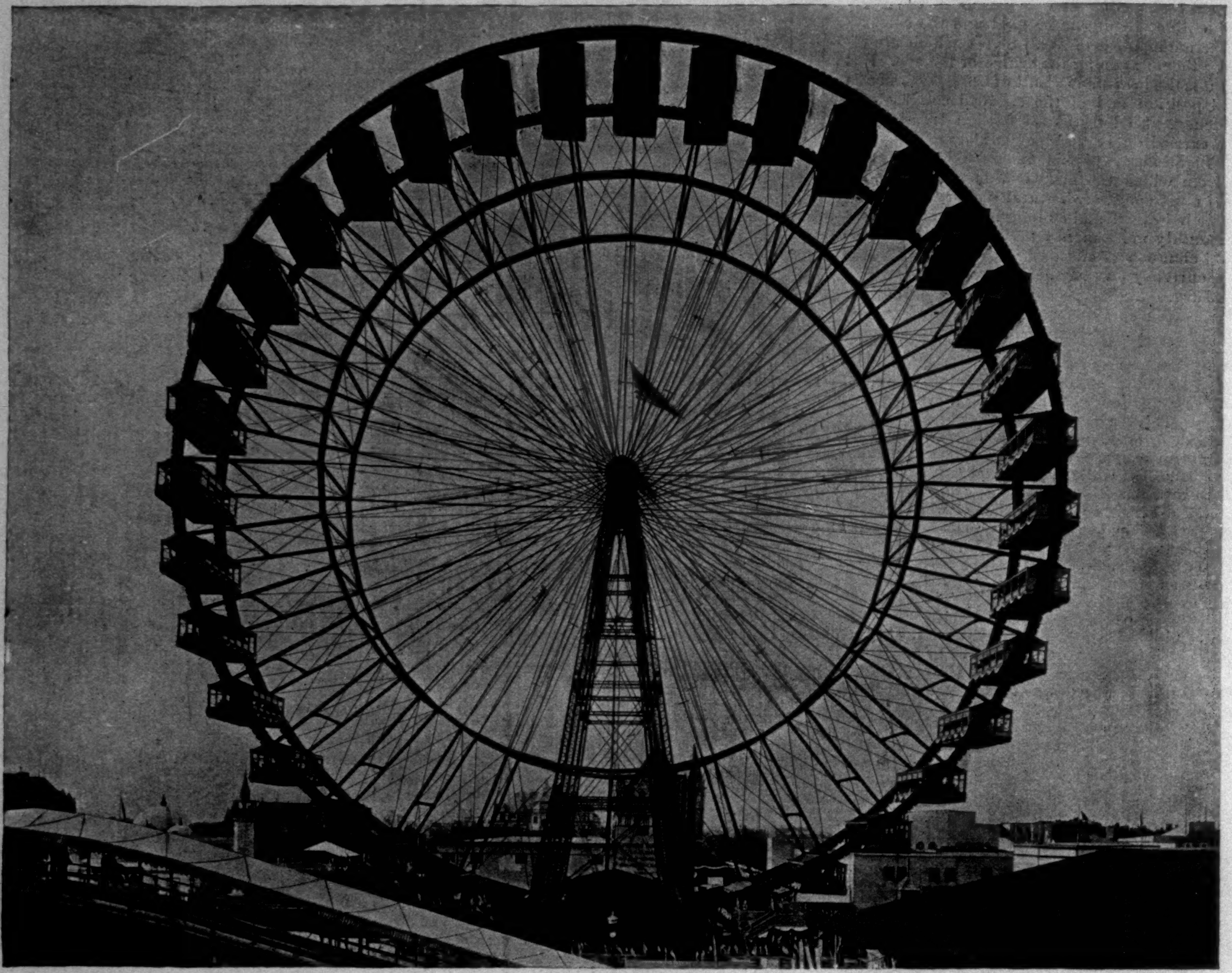
Paris has a new monument of a very old figure, Théophraste Renaudot, the "Father of Journalism." It is erected in the square opposite the Prefecture of Police and the Marché aux Fleurs—a neighborhood suggestive of the alternations of the journalist's life in that gay and stormy city. The statue is in front of the site of the building where was printed and sold *La Gazette de France* under Louis XIII., and again it is significant of a certain quality of subsequent journalism in France that the sign which swung in its iron frame was *un grand coq*. The first journal of Paris was subsidized, and a large part of its meagre contents consisted of despatches edited by the hand or under the eye of the great Richelieu, who seems to have established for the press the rule of centuries of French governments, of placation with the alternative of crushing. Père Renaudot was not a brilliant editor, though he had the force to make many and bitter enemies, and his busy brain was teeming with ideas as to newspapers which he hardly carried beyond suggestion; but he was the author of one aphorism that the long history of the press in France as elsewhere has illustrated: "The press has the quality of the torrent, its force grows with resistance."

The New-Yorker who failed to see the *Viking* during the few days that the gallant little vessel was lying or cruising in the waters of the harbor, missed a sight that it would be almost worth while to go to Chicago to see. To those with a fair idea of what good boat-building requires, the lines of the *Viking* are said to have been very satisfactory, and the soundness of their judgment is established by the achievement of the vessel in crossing the Atlantic against unfavorable winds, sound and safe as an ocean-going steamer. But even to one with no claims to expert knowledge the vessel is very beautiful. It is easy to see in her the justification of her chief officer's proud remark, when asked if she did not ship water over her open sides, "No; her model is so perfect, her lines are so fine"—here he made a sweeping gesture with both hands, illustrating the lines—"that she wishes all the while to be on top." But what impresses the ordinary observer is the courage of their conviction shown by the crew of a dozen modern Norsemen, who, persuaded that the original on which the *Viking* was modelled was seaworthy, and that what their ancestors had done they could do, took this little vessel, without a deck, with a broad oar for a rudder, with a single mast and sail, with no room aboard to swing a hammock, and barely sufficient to store the needed supplies, and sailed her over the course that they believed the ancient Norsemen had sailed with a like craft centuries before the discovery which all the world is celebrating at Chicago. That is a striking and splendid way of arguing a disputed question in history. No one after this can say that the Norsemen *could* not have reached the shores of America on the vessels then known.

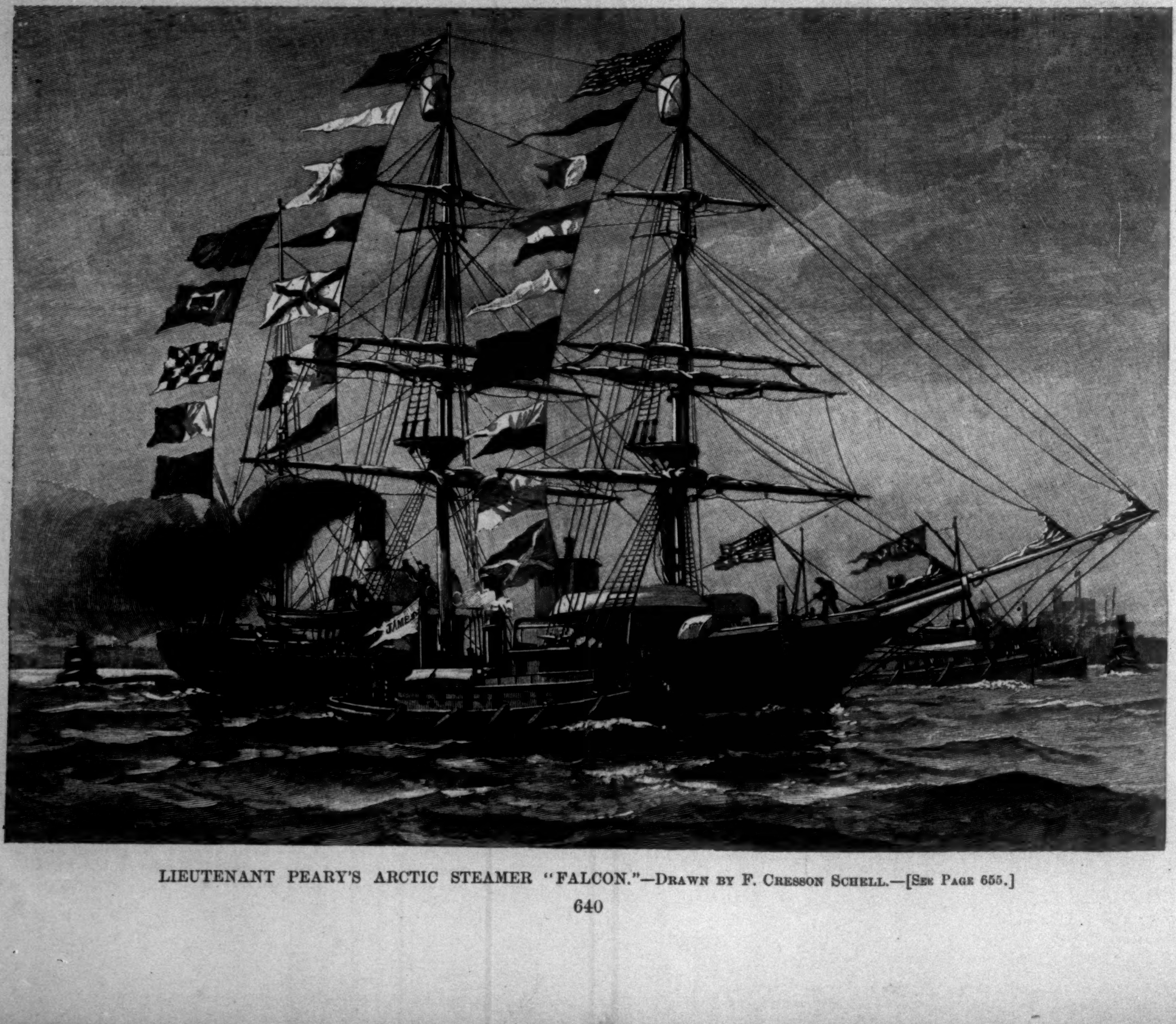
The new postmaster of New York, Mr. Charles W. Dayton, is reported to have said that in all cases where he finds it necessary to make changes, and where the civil service rules do not apply, it is his purpose to appoint good Democrats. We have no desire to question Mr. Dayton's sincere wish to make the postal service of New York as perfect as it can be made, but he will encounter considerable difficulties. Some will necessarily arise from his own want of experience. It is no discredit to him that a great office like this cannot be managed, much less perfected, by the light of nature. Why should he voluntarily add to the obstacles in his way by limiting his choice of any appointees to one party? Even if he can get just as good men in that way—and he clearly does not have as many good men to choose from—is it not evident that he introduces an unnecessary element of weakness by making their tenure of office dependent in part on their politics? True his predecessor did the same; but if he follows his predecessor's example his successor may follow his, and there is no break in the line of bad precedents. Whereas, if he had the courage to banish politics from the matter altogether, that would be a step not easily retraced by any one who came after him. Mr. Dayton is a good lawyer, but he would not claim that he is any better a lawyer for being a Democrat. He will not get any better employés by choosing Democrats only, and is not the city entitled to the very best employés he can furnish?

There is something pathetic, as well as a touch of the ludicrous, in the excitement caused in Germany recently by the remarks of Count Kálnoky, Premier of Austria-Hungary. What offended Germans of the government party was an intimation by the count that there was no immediate danger of aggression from Russia. As the government had just dismissed the Reichstag and appealed to the people in support of an increase in the army, on the ground that the danger of aggression from Russia and France was constant and always imminent, this was regarded as putting arms in the hands of the enemies of the government. Yet Count Kálnoky was probably right and entirely sincere, and had no intention of weakening Germany, on whom, as a party to the triple alliance, Austria must continually lean. But that the relations of two great governments, possibly of two great nations, should be in peril of grave disturbance by an incident apparently so trivial, shows how thin above the volcanic war-forces is the crust on which the chief powers of Europe are resting. The theory on which Caprivi shapes his course is that the two dangerous peoples of France and Russia have set their hearts, the one on the recovery of the lost provinces, the other on the possession of Constantinople and a free gateway to the ocean, and that their governments cannot in the long-run resist these desires. Kálnoky does not go quite so far, and it is possible that in moments of reflection he may think that though Germany can never yield Alsace save by force, Austria, with ports already on the Adriatic, might find a basis of agreement with Russia. But meanwhile it is pitiful that the working classes of all Europe should be bowed with the burden of preparation for war, which, though it may be inevitable, cannot be justified by any service it is likely to render to the lasting interests of mankind.

"The greatest good to the largest number for the least cost," reads like a combination phrase from a political platform and an advertisement. It is really a perfectly truthful statement of the object and work of the Moderation Society of the City of New York. This society provides fountains of cold drinking water, such as that in front of the Post-office, from which twenty thousand drinks are drawn daily in hot weather, traverses the thickly settled quarters with wagons distributing water and ice free to those who will take them, and, when occasion offers, distributes flowers in like neighborhoods to the women and children. How far the sympathetic ties of benevolence extend from such a beautiful work is shown by the fact that the society receives car-loads of roses and other flowers from California. It is quite useless to dilate on the merits of this organization. Those who have eyes to see must see it at once. The treasurer is Mr. John C. Barnes, and the chief office of the society is 21 Park Row.



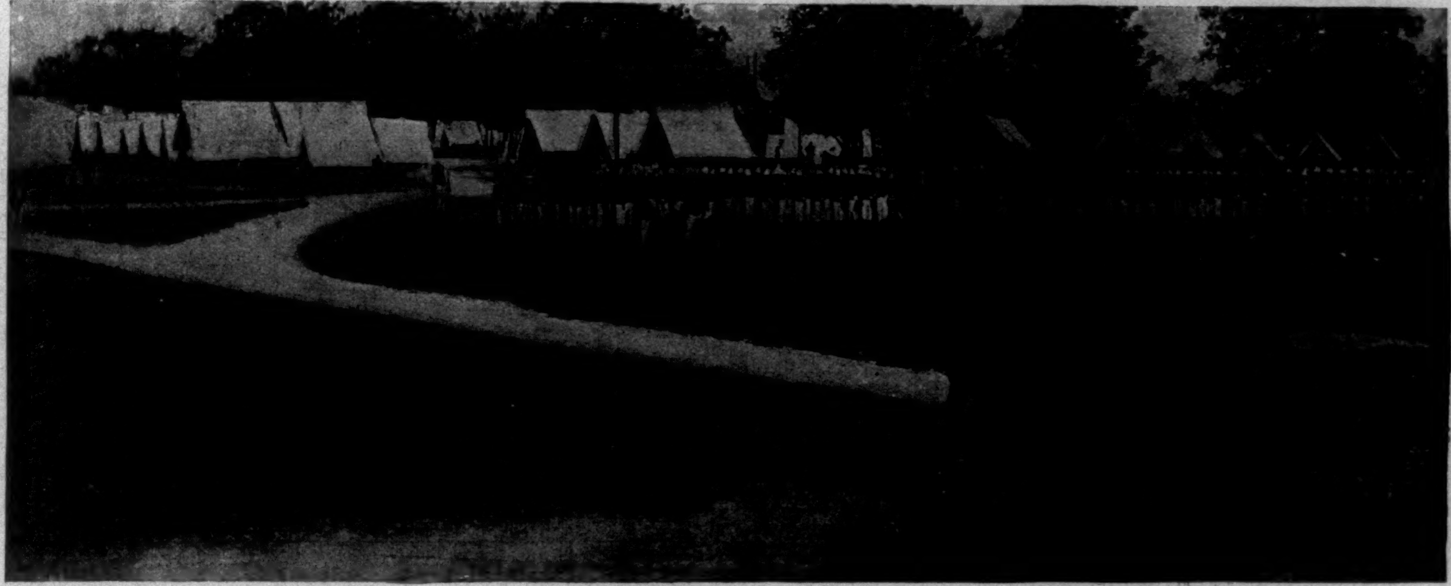
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE GREAT FERRIS WHEEL.—From a Photograph by Arnold.
Two Hundred and Fifty Feet in Diameter—Makes Two Revolutions, including Six Stops, in Twenty Minutes.—[See Page 655.]



LIEUTENANT PEARY'S ARCTIC STEAMER "FALCON."—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.—[See Page 655.]

EXTENDED ORDER DRILL.

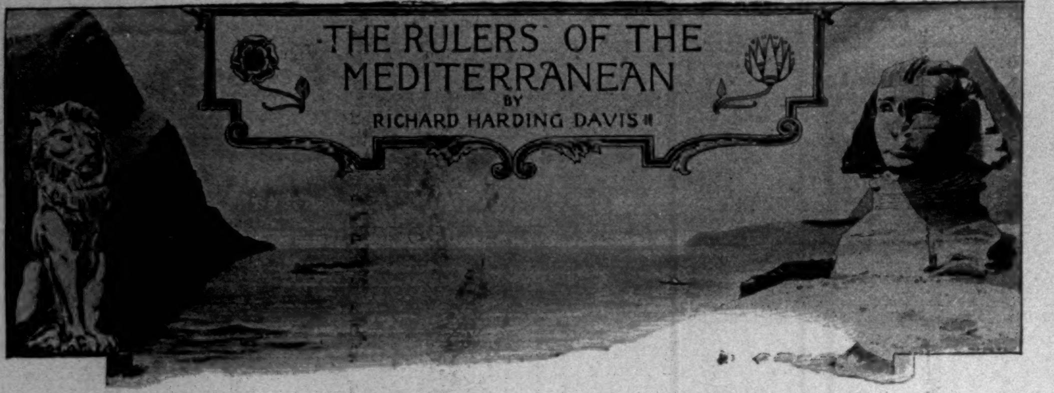
QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT'S TENT—COLLECTING BLANKETS.



RECEIVING GOVERNOR FLOWER.

ROLL OF HONOR MEN—ACTIVE MEMBERS WHO HAVE SERVED FROM TWENTY-FIVE TO FORTY-NINE YEARS.

A DAY WITH THE SEVENTH REGIMENT IN CAMP AT PEEKSKILL.—From Photographs by Pach.—[See Page 647.]



IV.—CAIRO AS A SHOW-PLACE.

As a rule, when you visit the capital of a country for the first time, it is sufficient that you should have studied the history of that particular country in order that you may properly appreciate the monuments and the show-places of its chief cities; but it is not necessary that you should be an authority on the history of Norway and Sweden to understand Paris or New York. For a full appreciation of most of the great cities of the world one finds a single red-bound volume of Baedeker to be all-sufficient; but when you go to Cairo, in order that you may understand all that lies spread out for your pleasure, you should first have mastered the Old and the New Testament, a complete history of the world, several of Shakespeare's plays, and the files of the London *Times* for the past ten years. Almost every man who was great, not only in the annals of his own country, but in the history of the world, has left his mark on this oldest country of Egypt, as tourists to the Colosseum have scratched their initials on its stones, and so hope for immortality. You are shown in Cairo the monuments of great monarchs and of a great people, who were not known beyond the limits of their own country in contemporaneous history only because there was no contemporaneous history, and of those who came thousands of years later. The isle of Rodda, between the two banks of the Nile at Cairo, marks where Moses was found in the bulrushes; a church covers the stones upon which Mary and Joseph rested; in the city of Alexandria is the spot where Alexander the Great scratched his name upon the sands of Egypt; the mouldering walls of Old Cairo are the souvenirs of Cæsar, as are the monuments upon which the Egyptians carved his name with "Autocrator" after it. At Actium and Alexandria you think of Antony and of the two women, so widely opposed and so differently beautiful, whom Sarah Bernhardt and Julia Neilson re-embody to-day in Paris and in London, and to whom Shakespeare and Kingsley have paid tribute. Mansoorah marks the capture of Louis IX., the Saint, of France, and the crescent and star which is floating over Cairo at this minute speaks of Osman Sultan Selim I., with whom began the dependence of Egypt as a part of the Ottoman Empire. From there you see the windmills and bake-ovens of Napoleon, which latter, stretching for miles across the desert, mark the march of his army. Abukir speaks of Nelson and the battle of the Nile; and after him come the less momentous names Tel-el-Kebir and "England's Only General," Wolseley, and the fall of Khartoom and the loss of Gordon. The history of Egypt is the history of the old world.

Moses, Rameses II., Darius, Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Mehemet Ali, and Nelson—these are all good names; and yet what they failed to do is apparently being done to-day by an Army of Occupation without force, but with the show of it only: not by a single great military hero, but by a lot of men in tweed suits who during business hours irrigate land and add up columns of irritating figures, and in their leisure moments solemnly play golf at the very base of the pyramids. The best of Cairo lies, of course, in that which is old, and not in what has been imported from the new world, and its most amusing features are the incongruities which these importations make possible. I am speaking of Cairo now from a tourist's point of view, and not from that of a political economist. He would probably be interested in the improved sanitation and the mixed tribunal.

I had pictured Cairo as an Oriental city of great color, with beautiful minarets piercing the sky-line, and with much richness of decoration on the outside of its palaces and mosques. Cairo is divided into two parts, that which is old and decaying and that which is European and modern; the prevailing colors of both are gray, a dull yellow, and white. The mosques are of gray stone, the houses of dirty white, and in the new part the palaces and residences remind one of white Italian villas. These are surrounded by tropical gardens, which alone save the city from one monotonous variation of sombre colors. It is not, therefore, the buildings, either new or old, which make Cairo one of the most picturesque and incongruous and entertaining of cities in the whole world; it is the people who live in it and who move about in it, and who are so constantly in the streets that from the Citadel above the city its roar comes to you like the roar of London. In that city it is the voice of traffic and steam and manufactures, but in Cairo it emanates from the people themselves, who talk and pray and shout and live their lives out-of-doors. These people are the natives, the European residents, the Army of Occupation, and, during the winter months, the tourists. When you say natives you include Egyptians, Arabians, Copts, Syrians, negroes from the Upper Nile, and about a hundred other subdivisions, which embrace every known nationality of the East. Mixed with these are the residents, chiefly Greek and French and Turks, and the Army of Occupation, who, when they are not in beautiful uniforms, are in effective riding clothes, and their wives and sisters in men's shirts and straw hats or Karkee riding-habits. The tourists, for their part, wear detective cameras and ready-made ties if they are Americans, and white helmets and pugrees floating over their necks and white umbrellas if they are English. This latter tropical outfit is spoiled somewhat by the fact that they are forced to wear overcoats the greater part of the time, but as they always take the overcoats off when they are being photographed at the base of the pyramids, their envious friends at home imagine they are in a warm climate. The longer you remain in Cairo, the more satisfying it becomes, as you find how uninterruptedly the old, old life of the people is going on about you, and as you discover for yourself bazars and mosques and tiny workshops and open cafés of which the guide-books say nothing, and to which there are no guides. You can see all the show-places in Cairo of which you have read in a week, and yet at the end of the week you feel as though what you had seen was not really the city, but just the goods in the shop window. Keep away from show-places. Lose yourself in the streets, or sit idly on the terrace of your hotel and watch the show move by, feeling that the best of it, after all, lies in the fact that nothing you see is done for show; that it is all natural to the people or the place; that if they make pictures of themselves, they do so unconsciously; and that no one is posing except the tourists in their pith helmets.

The bazars in Cairo cover much ground, and run in cliques according to the nature of the goods they expose for sale. From a narrow avenue of red and yellow leather shoes you come to another lane of rugs and curtains and cloth, and through this to an alley of brass—brass lamps and brass pots and brass table-tops—and so on into groups of bookbinders, and of armorers, and sellers of perfumes. These lanes are unpaved, and only wide enough at places for two men to push past at one time; at the widest an open carriage can just make its way slowly, and only at the risk of the driver's falling off his box in a paroxysm of rage. The houses and shops that overhang these filthy streets are as primitive and old as the mud in which you tramp, but they are fantastically and unceasingly beautiful. On the level of the street is the bazar—a little box with a show-case at one side, and at the back an oven, or a forge, or a loom, according to the nature of the thing which is being made before your eyes. Goldsmiths beat and blow on the raw metal as you stand at their elbow; bakers knead their bread; laundrymen squirt water over the soiled linen; armorers hammer on a spear-head, which is afterwards to be dug up and sold as an assegai from the Soudan; and the bookbinders to the Khedive paste and tool the leather boxes for his Highness with the dust from the street covering them and their work, with two dogs fighting for garbage at their feet, and the uproar of thousands of people ringing in their ears. The Oriental cannot express himself in the street without shouting. Everybody shouts—donkey-boys and drivers, venders of a hundred trifles, police and storekeepers, auctioneers and beggars. They do not shout occasionally, but continually. They have to shout, or they will either trample on some one or some one will as certainly trample on them. Camels and donkeys and open carriages and mounted police move through the torrent of pedestrians as though they were figures of the imagination, and had no feelings or feet. On the second story over each bazar its owner lives. The windows of this story are latticed, and bulge forward so that the women of the harem may look down without being themselves seen. Above these are square heavy balconies of carved open wood-work, very old and very beautiful. Scattered through the labyrinth of the bazars are the mosques, with wide dirty steps covered with the red and yellow shoes of the worshippers within, and with high minarets, and façades carved in relief with sentences from the Koran, or with the name of the Sultan to whom the temple is dedicated.

The bazars are very much as one imagines they should be, the fact that impresses you most about them being, I think, that such beautiful things should come from such queer little holes of dirt and poverty, and that you should stand ankle-deep in mud while you are handling turquoises and gold filigree-work as delicate as that of Regent Street or Broadway. At the bazars to which the dragomen take tourists you will be invited to sit down on a cushion and to drink coffee and smoke cigarettes, but you will pay, if you purchase anything, about a pound for each cup of coffee you take. The best bazars for bargains are those in Old Cairo, to which you should go alone. In either place it is the rule to offer one-third of what you are asked—as I found it was not the rule to do in Tangier—and it is not always safe to offer a third unless you want the article very much, as you will certainly get it at that price. You feel much more at home in the bazars and the cafés and in all of the out-of-door life of Cairo than in that of Tangier, owing to the good-nature of the Egyptian. The Moor resents your presence, and though that in itself is attractive, the absolute courtesy of the Egyptian, when it is not, as it seldom is, servility, has also its advantage. If you raised your stick to a Moorish donkey-boy, for instance, you would undoubtedly have as much rough-and-tumble fighting as you could attend to at one time; but you have to beat an Egyptian donkey-boy, or strike at him, or a dozen of him, if you want peace, and every time you hit him he comes up smiling, and with renewed assurances that the Flying Dutchman is a very good donkey, and that all the other donkeys are "velly sick." There is nothing so inspiring as the sight of a carefully bred American girl, who would feel remorse if she scolded her maid, beating eight or nine donkey-boys with her umbrella, until she breaks it, and so rides off breathless but triumphant. This shows that necessity knows no laws of social behavior.

There are a great many hotels in Cairo, but Shepheard's is so historical, and its terrace has been made the scene of so many novels, that all sorts of amusing people go there, from Sultans to the last man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo, and its terrace is like a private box at a mask ball. About the best way to see Cairo is a wicker chair here under waving palms, something to smoke, and a warm sun on your back, and the whole world passing by in front of you. Broadway, I have no doubt, is an interesting thoroughfare to those who do not know it. I should judge from the view one has of the soles of numerous boots planted against the windows of hotels along its course that Broadway to the visiting stranger is an infinite source of entertainment. But there are no camels on Broadway, and there are no sais.

A camel by itself is one of the most interesting animals that has ever been created, but when it blocks the way of a dog-cart, and a smart English groom endeavors to drive around it, the incongruity of the situation appeals to you as nothing on Broadway can ever do. Mr. Laurence Hutton, who was in Cairo before I reached it, has pointed out that the camel is the real aristocrat of Egypt. The camel belongs to one of the very first families; he was there when Mena ruled, and he is there now. It does not matter to him whether it is a Pharaoh or a Mameluke or a Napoleon or a Mixed Tribunal that is in power, his gods are unchanged, and he and the palm-tree have preserved their ancient individuality through centuries. He shows that he knows this in the proud way in which he holds his head, and in his disdainful manner of waving and unwinding his neck, and in the rudeness with which he impedes traffic and selfishly considers his own comfort. These are the signs of ancient lineage all the world over. He is not the shaggy, moth-eaten object we see in the circus tent at home. He is nicely shaven, like a French poodle, and covered with fine trappings, and he bends and struts with the dignity of a peacock. He possesses also that uncertainty of conduct that is the privilege of a royal mind; fellahin and Arabs pretend they are his masters, and lead him about with a rope, but that never disturbs him or breaks his spirit. When he wants to lie down he lies down, whether he is in the desert or in the Ezbekiyeh Road; and when he decides to get up he leaves you in doubt for some feverish seconds as to which part of him will get up first. To properly appreciate the camel you should ride him and experience his getting up and his sitting down. He never does either of these things the same way twice. Sometimes he breaks one leg in two or three places where it had never broken before, and sinks or rises in a northeasterly direction, and then suddenly changes his course and lurches up from the rear, and you grasp his neck wildly, only to find that he is sinking rapidly to one side, and rising, with a jump equal to that of a horse taking a fence, in the front. He can disjoint himself in more different places than explorers have found sources for the river Nile, and there is no keener pleasure than that which he affords you in watching the countenance of a friend who is being elevated on his back for the first time. He and the palm-tree can make any landscape striking, and he and the sais are the most picturesque features of Cairo.

The sais is a runner who keeps in front of a carriage and warns common people out of the way, and who beats them with a stick if they do not hurry up about it. He is a relic of the days when the traffic in all of the streets was so congested that he was an absolute necessity; now he makes it possible for a carriage to move forward at a trot, which without his aid it could not do. It is obvious that to do this he must run swiftly. Most men when they run bend their bodies forward and keep their mouths closed in order to save their wind. The sais runs with his shoulders thrown back and trumpeting like an enraged elephant. He holds his long wand at his side like a musket, and not trailing in his hand like a walking-stick, and he wears a soft shirt of white stuff, and a sleeveless coat buried in gold lace. His breeches are white, and as voluminous as a woman's skirts; they fall to a few inches above his knee; the rest of his brown leg is bare, and rigid with muscle. On his head he has a fez with a long black tassel, and a magnificent silk scarf of many colors is bound tightly around his waist. He is a perfect ideal of color and movement, and as he runs he bellows like a bull, or roars as you have heard a lion roar at feeding-time in a menagerie. It is not a human cry at all, and you never hear it, even to the last day of your stay in Cairo, without a start, as though it were a cry of "help" at night, or the quick-clanging bell of a fire-engine. There is nothing else in Cairo which is so satisfying. There are sometimes two of them running abreast, dressed exactly alike, and with the upper part of their bodies as rigid as the wand pressed against their side, and with the ends of their scarf and the long tassel streaming out behind. As they yell and bellow, donkeys and carriages and people scramble out of their way until the carriage they precede has rolled rapidly by. Only princesses of the royal harem, and consuls-general, and the heads of the Army of Occupation and the Egyptian army are permitted two sais; other people may have one. They appealed to me as much more autocratic appendages than a troop of lifeguards. The rastequaire who first introduces them in Paris will make his name known in a day, and a Lord Mayor's show or a box-seat on a four-in-hand will be a modest and middle-class distinction in comparison.

These camels and sais are but two of the things you see from your wicker chair on the marble terrace at Shepheard's. The others are hundreds of donkey-boys in blue night-gowns slit open at the throat and showing their bare breasts, and with them as many long-eared donkeys, rendered even more absurd than they are in a state of nature by fantastic clippings of their coats and strings of jangling brass and blue beads around their necks.

There are also the women of Cairo, the enslaved half of Egypt, who have been brought, through generations of training and tradition, to look upon any man save their husband as their enemy, as a thing to be shunned. This has become instinct with them, as it is instinctive with women of Northern countries to turn to men for sympathy or support, as being in some ways stronger than themselves. But these women of Cairo, who look like an army of nuns, are virtually shut off from mankind, with the exception of one man, as are nuns, and they have not the one great consolation allowed the nun—they have no souls to be saved, nor religion, nor a belief in a future life.

There was a young girl married while I was in Cairo. The streets around the palace of her father were hung with flags for a week; the garden about his house was enclosed with a tent which was worth in money $20,000, and which was as beautiful to the eye as the interior of a mosque; for a week the sheiks who rented the estates of the high contracting parties were fed at their expense; for a week men sang and bands played and the whole neighborhood feasted; and on the last night everybody went to the wedding and drank coffee and smoked cigarettes and listened to a young man singing Arabian love-songs. I naturally did not see the bride. The women who did see her described her as very beautiful, barely sixteen years old, and covered with pearls and diamonds. She was weeping bitterly; her mother, it appeared, had arranged the match. I did not see her, but I saw the bridegroom. He was fat and stupid, and over sixty, and he had white hair and a white beard. A priest recited the Koran before him at the door of the house, and a band played, and the people cheered the Khedive three times, and then the crowd parted, and the bridegroom was marched to the door which led to the stairs, at the top of which the girl

awaited him. Two grinning eunuchs crouched on this dark staircase, with lamps held high above their heads, and closed the door behind him. His sixteen-year-old bride has him to herself now—him and his eunuchs—until he or she dies. We could show similitudes between this wedding and some others in civilized lands, but it is much too serious a matter to be cynical about.

The women of Egypt are as much slaves as ever were the negroes of our South. They are petted and fattened and given a home, but they must look at life through barriers—barriers across their boxes at the opera, and barriers across the windows of their broughams when they drive abroad, and barriers across their very faces. As long as one-half of the Egyptian people are enslaved and held in bondage and classed as animals without souls, so long will an Army of Occupation ride over the land, and insult by its presence the khedival power. No country in these days can be truly great in which the women have no voice, no influence, and no respect. There are worse things in Egypt than bad irrigation, and the harem is the worst of them. If the Egyptians want to be free themselves, they should first free their daughters and their mothers.

The English, who have done so many fine things for Egypt's good, and who keep an army there to emphasize the fact, have arranged that any slave who comes to the office of the Consul-General and claims his protection can have it; but these slaves of the married men are not granted even this chance of escape.

And so they live like birds in a cage. They eat and dress and undress, and expose their youth and beauty, and hide their age and ugliness, until they die. The cry along the Nile a few years ago was, "Egypt for the Egyptians," and a very good cry it was, although the wrong man first started it. But there was another cry raised in the land of Egypt many hundreds of years before of "Let my people go," and the woman who can raise that again to-day, and who can set free her sisters of the East, will be doing a greater work than any woman is doing at the present time or has ever done.

The women who pass before you in the procession at the foot of the terrace are of two classes only. There is no middle class in Egypt. The poor are huddled up in a black bag that hides their bodies from the crown of the head to the feet. What looks like the upper end of a black silk stocking falls over the face from the bridge of the nose and fastens behind the ears, and a brass tube about the size of a spool is tied between the eyes. You see in consequence nothing but their eyes, and as these are perhaps their best feature, they do not all suffer from their enforced disguise. The only women whose bare faces you can see, and from whom you may judge of the beauty of the rest, are the good women of the Coptic village, who form a sort of sisterhood, and the dancing-girls, who are not so good. Some of these have the straight nose, the narrow eyes, and the perfect figure of Cleopatra, as we picture her; but the faces of the majority are formless, with broad fat noses, full lips, and their figures are without waists or hips, and their ankles are as round as a man's upper arm. When they are pretty they are very pretty, but those that are so few and are so covered with gold that one suspects they are very much the exception. Of the women of the upper class you see only a glimpse as they are swept by in their broughams, with the sais in front and a eunuch on the box and the curtains half lowered.

Besides these, much passes that is intended for your especial entertainment. Sellers of turquoises, which they dig out from various creases in their robes; venders of stuffed crocodiles and live monkeys; strange men from the desert with a jackal, which they throw, bound by all four legs, and snarling and snapping, on the marble at your feet; little girls who sing songs, and play accompaniments to them on their throats with the tips of their fingers; women conjurers, who draw strings of needles and burning flax from their mouths, and who swallow nasty little wriggling snakes, and hatch pretty fluffy little chickens out of slabs of the terrace. Or else there is a troop of blue and white Egyptian soldiers marching by, or gorgeous young officers on polo ponies, or red-coated Tommies on donkeys, with their toes trailing in the dust and the ribbons of their Scotch caps floating out behind; and consuls-general with gorgeous guards in gold lace, and with wicked-looking curved silver swords; or the young Khedive himself, who comes with a great clatter of hoofs and bellowing sais before, and another galloping troop of cavalry in the rear, at the sound of which the people run to the curb and touch the fez, as he raises his hand to his, and rolls by in a cloud of dust.

There are very good things to see, and with a companion on one side to explain them, and another on the other side to whom you can impart this information as though you had been born knowing it, you cannot spend a more entertaining afternoon. There is only one drawback, and that is a lurking doubt that you should be up and about seeing the show-places. Friday, in consequence, is the best day in Cairo, as all the things you ought to see are then closed, and you can sit still on the terrace with a clear conscience. Among the mosques and the tombs and the palaces and museums to which all good tourists go, and of which there are excellent descriptions, giving their various dimensions and other particulars, in the guide-books, there are the Citadel and the Mosque of Mehemet Ali. The Citadel is the fortress built on the hill above the city, but which, with the Oriental incompleteness of that time, was reared upon high but not upon the highest ground. The sequel to this naturally was that when Mehemet Ali wanted the city of Cairo he sought out the highest ground, and dropped cannon-balls into the fortress until it capitulated. He afterwards asked all the Mamelukes to dinner at the Citadel, and then had them treacherously killed—all but one, who rode his horse down the side of the Citadel and escaped. If you can imagine the reservoir at Forty-second Street placed upon the top of Madison Square Garden and a man riding down the side of it, you can understand what a very difficult and dangerous thing this was to do. There is no doubt that he did it, for I saw a picture of him in the very act in a book of history when I was at school, and I also have seen the marks of his horse's hoofs in the stone-parapet of the Citadel, and they are just as fresh as they were three years ago, when they used to be on the other side. The Mosque of Mehemet Ali surmounts the Citadel, and its twin minarets are the distinguishing mark of Cairo; they are as conspicuous for miles above the city as is the dome of St. Paul's over London, and they are as light and graceful as it is impressive and heavy. The men on guard tie big yellow shoes on your feet before they allow you to enter this mosque, the outer court-yard of which is floored with alabaster, over which you slide as though you were on a mirror or a sheet of ice. It is very beautiful, and one is as unwilling to walk on it as to tramp in muddy boots over a satin train. The floor of the mosque is covered with the most magnificent rugs, as wide-spreading as a sheet and as heavy as so much gold; alabaster pillars reach to the top of the square, empty building, and from these rise five domes, colored blue and red, and lightened with gilded letters. It is very rich-looking, gloomy, silent, and impressive. It is the best of the mosques. From the outside, on the ramparts, you can see Cairo stretching out below for miles in a level gray jumble of flat roofs and rounded domes and slender minarets, with the high walls of a palace here and the thick green of a park there to break the monotony; beyond it lies the Nile, a twisting ribbon of silver; and beyond that rich green fields and canals and bunches of palm-trees; and seven miles away, where the green ceases and the desert begins, are three monuments of gray stone, looking, at that distance, disappointingly small and familiarly commonplace. It is not, I think, until you have seen them several times, and have climbed to their top and gazed up at them from below, that you appreciate the pyramids as you had expected to appreciate them; but after they have laid their charm upon you, you will find yourself twisting your neck to take another look, or going out of your way to see them again before the sun has said good-night to them, as it has done ever since it first climbed over the edge of the world and found them waiting there.

There is a mosque on the outside of the city which people visit on certain days to see the howling dervishes go through their peculiar form of worship. The mosque consists of four square walls with a dome. It is whitewashed within, and bare and rude and old. The sunlight enters it through square holes cut in the dome, and beats upon thirty or forty men who stand in a semicircle facing the East. They are of all sorts, from Arabs of the desert with long hair and wild eyes, to fat pleased-looking merchants from the bazars, and the beggars and water-carriers of the streets. Around them on chairs are the tourists and the residents, like the spectators at a play rather than the guests of a religious sect watching a religious ceremony. Most of the men wear their hats, and some of the women take careful notes and make sketches. They reminded me of medical students at a clinic when a man is being cut up. An archdeacon from one of our Western cities wore his hat, to show, probably, that he disapproved of the whole thing; but as he used to eat with his knife while on board the *Fulda*, his conduct in any place was not to be considered. The priest recites something from the Koran, and the men repeat it, moving their bodies back and forward as they do so with gradually increasing rapidity. What they may be saying is quite unintelligible, and the chorus they make resembles that of no human sound, but rather the gasping or panting of an animal. It is to the visitor absolutely without any religious significance; all that is impressive about it is its horrible earnestness and its at times repulsive results. As the voice of the priest grows more accentuated the bodies of the men swing further and lower, until their hair sweeps the floor, and their eyes, when they throw their bodies back, are on a level with those of the spectators. A drum beats in quickening time to the voice of the priest and to the gasps of the dervishes, and a flute playing a weird accompaniment seems to mock at their fierce grunts and breathings. It was one of the most unpleasant exhibitions I ever witnessed, and affected one's nerves; several of the women had to leave. The eyes of the men rolled in their sockets, and their lips parted, and through their clinched teeth came fiercer and louder gasps, until the chorus of sound reached you like the quick panting of an engine as it draws out of a station. The sweat ran from them like water from a sponge, and the veins stood out on their faces, showing in congested knots beneath the skin. Some of them groaned, and others shrieked and cried out, "Allah! Allah!" This acted like the strokes of a whip on the others, who rocked more and more violently, and swung themselves almost off their feet. Then, as the music grew fainter the motion of the bending bodies grew less vigorous and finally ceased, and the men stood rigid, some apparently unmoved and unconcerned, and others turning and reeling in a fit.

While this was going forward, and you felt as though you were assisting at a heathen rite in which self-punishment was being inflicted as a bid for God's indulgence, two interesting things happened. An officer in the English Army of Occupation turned to his dragoman and cried at the top of his voice, angrily: "Do you call this worth ten piasters? Well, I don't. Now if you've got anything to show me, take me to see it. This isn't worth coming to see. You're a rank impostor."

The other thing was the act of a native woman, who brought her child to the door and handed it to a priest, who took it in his arms and passed with it in front of the swinging, gasping, crazy semicircle of men. The child was about three years old, and was dying, and the mother had brought it there to be cured by the breath of the dervishes. As it passed before them, the hair of some of the men swept its arm, and it turned its frightened eyes up to those of the priest, who smiled gravely down upon the baby and bore him outstretched in his arms three times in front of the swinging crescent. The faith of the child's mother appealed to some of us more than did the Englishman's desire to get his money's worth. The incident is only of interest here as showing perhaps why the Army of Occupation is not as popular as it might be.

There are several ways of reaching the pyramids, and it is eminently in keeping with the other incongruities of the place and time that the most popular way of visiting them is on a four-in-hand coach, with a guard in a red coat and a bell-shaped white beaver tooting on his horn, and a young gentleman with a boutonnière and an unhappy smile holding the reins and working his way in and out between long strings of camels. There is a very smart hotel about two hundred yards from the foot of the pyramids, and you take a donkey there or a camel and ride up a sandy road to the base of the Pyramid of Cheops. There are then several things that you may do. You can either climb to the top of this first pyramid, or crawl into its interior, or walk over to see the Sphinx, or make a tour of subterranean tombs and passageways of alabaster and polished stones, which are lighted for you by magnesium wire or stumps of candles.

It seems absurd to say that the Sphinx is disappointing, but so many who have seen it say so that I feel I am one of many, and not individually lacking in reverence or imagination. In the first place, the approach to it is bad; you come at the Sphinx not from the front, but from the rear, where all you can see of it is a round ball of crumbling stone spreading out from a neck of broken outline, much smaller and meaner than you had imagined it would be. In the second place, instead of looking up at it, or having it look down at you, you view it first from a semicircular ridge of sand, at the bottom of which it reposes, and at such a near view that whatever outline or character of countenance it once possessed is lost. I have seen photographs of the Sphinx, taken while I was in Cairo, much more impressive than the Sphinx itself. Lying in a hollow of the sand hills as it does, the farther you move away from it in order to get a better focus, the less you see of it, and as you draw nearer to it it loses its meaning, as does the scenery of a theatre when you are on the wrong side of the foot-lights. I know that that is an unpopular thing to say, and that there are many who feel thrills when they first look upon the face of the Sphinx, and who describe their emotions to you at length, and who write down their impressions in their diaries when they get back to the hotel. But they have come a long way expecting to be thrilled, and they do not intend to be disappointed. Some of the sphinxes in the museum of Gizeh, which you pass on your way to the pyramids, impressed me more than did the one great Sphinx, though they were in-doors and surrounded by attendants and the cheap decoration of the museum, once a palace for the harem. They were of green stone and of huge proportions, and with "the curling lip and sneer of cold command"; and if you look at them long enough you feel uncomfortable shivers down your back, and a perfectly irrational impulse to rush at them and beat them in the face and force them to tell you what they know and what they have kept back and have been keeping back for centuries and centuries. Their faces show that they know all that we know and much besides that we shall never know, and when the world at last comes to an end they will stretch themselves and smile at one another and say: "Now *they* know it, but we knew it all the while. We could have told had we liked, but we have enjoyed watching them fretting and fuming and prying about and tinkering at our faces with their little hammers, and blowing us up with saltpetre only to try and put us back again with steam. We who have kept our secret from Herodotus and Cæsar, are we likely to give it up to Ebers and Mark Twain?"

Before you ascend the Pyramid of Cheops you must deal with a middle-man in the person of the sheik of the pyramids, who selects guides for you, and who acts as though the pyramids were his private show, and he was both sole proprietor and ticket-taker at the door. He lives in a village near by, and he and his forefathers have always been allowed a monopoly of the pyramids, and distribute their patronage to those guides who will pay them the highest percentage of what they receive from the visitors. You have three men to help you, two to pull, and one to push and to dilate on the view. It takes over ten minutes to climb to the top, with the men jerking at your wrists, and the third man shoving you from below. It is not a difficult feat, and women accomplish it every day, but it leaves you in a breathless state when you reach the summit, and you are stiff above the knees for a day or two after you have come down. When you have reached the summit the guides cheer feebly to give you the idea that you have accomplished something which has often been attempted before, but never so successfully, but you are not deceived, and you do not feel like cheering yourself. The view is worth the climb, however, and the sight of the shadow of the pyramid, spreading out over the villages and canals below like a black cloud, impresses you more with its immensity than the fact that it is a hundred feet higher than the top of the Diana on the Madison Square Garden tower. I am sure of this fact, because the man who built the Madison Square Garden assured me of it between breaths on the summit of the pyramid. While you are resting, the thing to do is to pay one of the guides to attempt to run down the pyramid you are on, cross the heavy sand to the pyramid beyond, and reach its top in eight minutes. When you give the word he disappears with a bound and drops into space, skipping and jumping and growing smaller and smaller as he goes, until he looks like a fluttering handkerchief; and when he reaches the sand he is as small as a child of three, and his ascent of the other pyramid suggests a white pigeon shuffling up the steep roof of a barn. It is distinctly on his part a sporting thing to do. The descent of the pyramid is very much worse than going up, and you need to go very slowly, and not to look too often at the people crawling about like ants below. Only four men, however, in six years have slipped and fallen during this descent, and one of them had been drinking. They were all killed.

On the road back from the Pyramids of Gizeh there are other pyramids within sight of Cairo, but these are those with which the Sphinx is associated. You will see here one of the most beautiful sights of Cairo, the dahabeeyahs on the Nile. They and their white sails, especially when they come wing and wing before the wind, are the most beautiful of floating objects, and when there are hundreds of them coming towards you in lessening perspective, with the sun shining on the sails, and the banks on either side alive and moving with the palms, the river Nile becomes the best part of Cairo.

There is another place on the Nile which you should visit, and to which tourists seldom go. This is the isle of Rodda, on the bank of which Moses was found, and where you may see the Nilometer. This is a well about sixteen feet in diameter, connected by a channel with the Nile. It is made of masonry, and down one side there runs a column on which are inscribed ancient Arabian and Cufic numerals, or what answer for numerals. It was dug many centuries ago, and it marks the rising and falling of the river, and at the same time the prosperity or dismay of Egypt. When the tide begins to rise, this rude instrument is watched hourly, and the hopes of the people rise and fall as the muddy water moves up or down the narrow well. When it reaches a certain height the sheik in charge declares that the time has come for cutting the banks and irrigating the land. In ancient days the rate of taxation was determined by the height of the inundation, and it is said that the sheik in charge of the Nilometer is still under the influence of the government, to whose advantage it is to make the fellahin believe that the inundation is favorable. It was the engineers under Napoleon who discovered that the Nilometer was being tampered with, but there is no likelihood of its being abused to-day under the English, whose improvement of the irrigation of Egypt has been their best work, and for the fellahin's best good. But it is interesting, nevertheless, to look down into the old well overgrown with vines and surrounded by ruin and crumbling walls and broken lattices, and to think that for centuries it brought news of famine or of plenty, and that it was, primitive as its construction is, the pulse of Egypt.

The pulse of Egypt to-day is not shown in the mere rising or falling of a body of water. It is less primitive in its construction, and no one knows which way it is going to jump. In the next article of this series I shall try to tell something of the men who have their fingers on Egypt's pulse, and who are agreed in only one thing—that there are too many fingers for Egypt's good.

FIELD-TELEPHONES.

THE LATEST MEANS OF MILITARY COMMUNICATION.

THE question of military communication, not only between an army and its base of supplies, but between the different divisions and brigades of an army on the march and in battle, has assumed most serious dimensions during the recent revolution in military formations attending the development of the principles of extended order. That the difficulties of communication between the commander of an army on the march, and remote parts of his command, may be clearly understood and appreciated, the following ever-present conditions must be borne in mind:

An army corps composed of 40,000 men would have four divisions of infantry, eight to twelve batteries, and at least four regiments of cavalry. Were it able to march closed up, with all its trains, it would stretch out at the least calculation about eighteen miles. An allowance of twenty-five per cent. must always be made for "lengthening out," which makes the length of the column twenty-two and a half miles.

In the Franco-Prussian war, a Prussian army corps of 42,512 men, 90 guns, 13,800 horses, and 1300 vehicles, made a column twenty-seven miles long, eighteen miles being occupied by the troops, and nine miles by the trains; or a distance which would take a mounted messenger moving from the head of the column to the rear, if he made good speed and met with no obstruction, at least four hours to accomplish; or moving from the rear to the head, over half a day. Even this estimate is incorrect, for an army occupies all the road, and often the fields beside the road, making it impossible for a messenger to make "good speed." Moreover, an army has its flanking columns, with which it must also keep in communication.

Couriers were long since found inadequate, and visual signals for temporary lines of communication, and the telegraph line for the more permanent ones, have, during the last half-century, been the chief reliance. The first is unreliable, open to possible interpretation by the enemy, and subject to total suspension at the caprice of the elements. The second is impracticable in rapid marches and in battle, owing to its cumbersome paraphernalia and the time required to establish it. In the face of this problem attention was turned to the telephone as a possible solution, and many devices have been advanced by various nations with varying success.

The whole matter of military communication devolves upon the Signal Service, and the Signal Corps of the army has, until recently, on account of assignment to other service, been able to do little more than keep informed of the progress of other nations in the development of material and methods of conveying intelligence, and to endeavor to judge of the merits of improvements by office tests rather than field trial.

After many tests of foreign devices the government employed the Bell Telephone Company to devise and manufacture an instrument which it is hoped will meet all requirements for communication in the field. In this instrument the principles of the Eccard knapsack telephone, a previous American device, and the trumpet telephone of the German army are combined. It consists of an ingenious arrangement of Bell telephone, Morse key, and battery, which are all contained in a small leather case worn by a strap over the shoulder. The wire is coiled on a reel in a separate case, and makes a load for one man. The telephone part is so contrived that the receiver and transmitter are in one piece, which may be held in place by one hand, the receiver at the ear and the transmitter at the mouth, while the other hand manipulates the key. The key takes

the place of the call-box in an ordinary telephone, and makes a sharp click in the receiver at the other end of the line, which calls the operator's attention.

If desirable, the instrument may also be used to telegraph as well as to telephone. Conditions might exist in action where cannonading and the like would render it difficult to hear spoken words in the telephone. Then it is that the sharp click of the telegraph key spells the message through the telephone receiver in the ear of the operator, who hears it as clearly as if a hundred miles from the scene of action. The wire used is light insulated double conductor, which has a tensile strength that will withstand the strain of being run over by artillery wheels, and may be safely laid on the ground. It is usually strung along fences, however, for rapid work, and on trees and light poles when practicable. One man can carry about one and one-half miles of this wire, which would weigh with reel fifty-two pounds.

Foreign nations give great weight to the employment of "cable," as the wire is called, in rapid marches and for service in the immediate front, where delays incidental to the insulation of naked wire could not be tolerated. Cable requires no insulation, can be trampled on, run over, and laid in water without impairing its action. The cables of different nations differ slightly, but are very similar, and are divided into five classes, as follows: the "advance-post" cable, the "field," the "light field," which is the lightest, the "cavalry," and the "river" cable.

The advance-post cable consists of a copper conductor insulated with gutta-percha and covered with cotton. This is wound spirally with eight fine copper wires, which serve as a return conductor. The whole is braided with hemp, and has a diameter of eighteen one-hundredths of an inch. Its tensile strength is one hundred and fifty pounds, and its weight seventy-eight pounds per mile.

The field cable is practically the same. The light field is used when it is important to reduce weight to the minimum, and is the most suitable for lines run by men with reels on their backs. It weighs, with reel, but thirty-five pounds to the mile.

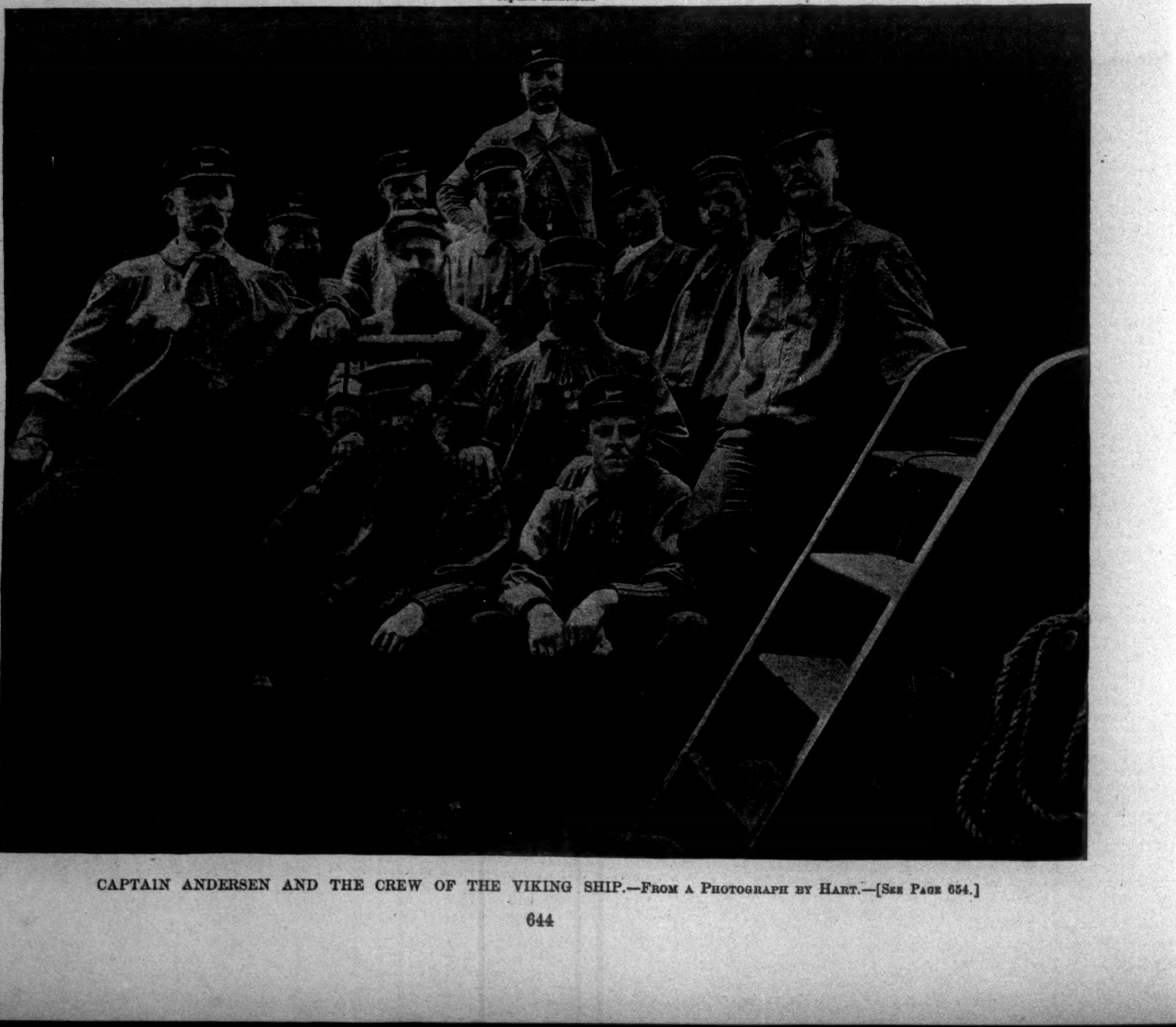
The cavalry cable is specially constructed for use within the sphere of action of this service, and the river cable, as its name implies, is specially constructed for use in the crossing of rivers. It is stronger than the others, and for protection and to increase its tensile strength is wound with eight steel ropes, each composed of fourteen strands.

Within the last few years nearly every prominent nation in the world has equipped itself with excellent field cable. On account of the great cost of good cable the United States has failed as yet to procure a supply at all commensurate with its needs. It would seem, however, as though the new field-telephone would prove the most satisfactory instrument yet devised, although there is still room for improvement.

It is probable that the introduction of the bicycle as a part of the equipment of the Signal Corps will cause a reorganization of the field-telephone service. As a means of transporting the wire and instrument the bicycle is unequalled, as the reel can be so placed on the machine as not to interfere with the rider, who carries the instrument case slung from his shoulder. With the bicycle but one man is required to lay and operate the line, while without it two men are required. In laying the line the signal-man rides carefully or pushes his wheel, to avoid straining the wire by any choking of the reel. An attachment will soon be perfected by which, in taking up a line, the wire is automatically reeled up as the bicycle proceeds. It is estimated that with a wheel a signal-man can lay four miles per hour, and on a spurt six miles.

HOWARD ALDEN GIDDINGS,
Major and Signal Officer C. N. G.

Captain Andersen.



CAPTAIN ANDERSEN AND THE CREW OF THE VIKING SHIP.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HART.—[SEE PAGE 654.]

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "THE GREAT SHADOW," "MICAH CLARKE," ETC.

"THE TWO WOMEN WITH THE COACHMAN LISTENED TO THE DISPUTE, WHICH WAS STILL RAGING."

THE ADVENTURE OF THE CROOKED MAN.

ONE summer night, a few months after my marriage, I was seated by my own hearth smoking a last pipe and nodding over a novel, for my day's work had been an exhausting one. My wife had already gone up stairs, and the sound of the locking of the hall door some time before told me that the servants had also retired. I had risen from my seat, and was knocking out the ashes of my pipe, when I suddenly heard the clang of the bell. I looked at the clock. It was a quarter to twelve. This could not be a visitor at so late an hour. A patient evidently, and possibly an all-night sitting. With a wry face I went out into the hall and opened the door. To my astonishment it was Sherlock Holmes who stood upon my step.

"Ah, Watson," said he, "I hoped that I might not be too late to catch you."

"My dear fellow, pray come in."

"You look surprised, and no wonder. Relieved too, I fancy. Hum! You still smoke the Arcadia mixture of your bachelor days, then. There's no mistaking that fluffy ash upon your coat. It's easy to tell that you have been accustomed to wear a uniform, Watson. You'll never pass as a pure-bred civilian as long as you keep that habit of carrying your handkerchief in your sleeve. Could you put me up to-night?"

"With pleasure."

"You told me that you had bachelor quarters for one, and I see that you have no gentleman visitor at present. Your hat-stand proclaims as much."

"I shall be delighted if you will stay."

"Thank you. I'll fill the vacant peg, then. Sorry to see that you've had the British workman in the house. He's a token of evil. Not the drains, I hope?"

"No; the gas."

"Ah! He has left two nail-marks from his boot upon your linoleum just where the light strikes it. No, thank you; I had some supper at Waterloo; but I'll smoke a pipe with you with pleasure."

I handed him my pouch, and he seated himself opposite to me, and smoked for some time in silence. I was well aware that nothing but business of importance would have brought him to me at such an hour, so I waited patiently until he should come round to it.

"I see that you are professionally rather busy just now," said he, glancing very keenly across at me.

"Yes, I've had a busy day," I answered. "It may seem very foolish in your eyes," I added, "but really I don't know how you deduced it."

Holmes chuckled to himself. "I have the advantage of knowing your habits, my dear Watson," said he. "When your round is a short one you walk, and when it is a long one you use a hansom. As I perceive that your boots, although used, are by no means dirty, I cannot doubt that you are at present busy enough to justify the hansom."

"Excellent!" I cried.

"Elementary," said he. "It is one of those instances where the reasoner can produce an effect which seems remarkable to his neighbor because the latter has missed the one little point which is the basis of the deduction. The same may be said, my dear fellow, for the effect of some of these little sketches of yours, which is entirely meretricious, depending as it does upon your retaining in your own hands some factors in the problem which are never imparted to the reader. Now at present I am in the position of these same readers, for I hold in this hand several threads of one of the strangest cases which ever perplexed a man's brain, and yet I lack the one or two which are needful to complete my theory. But I'll have them, Watson, I'll have them!" His eyes kindled, and a slight flush sprang into his thin cheeks. For an instant the veil had lifted upon his keen intense nature, but for an instant only. When I glanced again his face had resumed that Red Indian composure which had made so many regard him as a machine rather than a man.

"The problem presents features of interest," said he. "I may even say exceptional features of interest. I have already looked into the matter, and have come, as I think, within sight of my solution. If you could accompany me in that last step you might be of considerable service to me."

"I should be delighted."

"Could you go as far as Aldershot to-morrow?"

"I have no doubt Jackson would take my practice."

"Very good. I want to start by the 11.10 from Waterloo."

"That would give me time."

"Then, if you are not too sleepy, I will give you a sketch of what has happened and of what remains to be done."

"I was sleepy before you came. I am quite wakeful now."

"I will compress the story as far as may be done without omitting anything vital to the case. It is conceivable that you may even have read some account of the matter. It is the supposed murder of Colonel Barclay of the Royal Munsters at Aldershot which I am investigating."

"I have heard nothing of it."

"It has not excited much attention yet, except locally. The facts are only two days old. Briefly they are these:

"The Royal Munster is, as you know, one of the most famous Irish regiments in the British army. It did wonders both in the Crimea and the Mutiny, and has since that time distinguished itself upon every possible occasion. It was commanded up to Monday night by James Barclay, a gallant veteran, who started as a full private, was raised to commissioned rank for his bravery at the time of the Mutiny, and so lived to command the regiment in which he had once carried a musket.

"Colonel Barclay had married at the time when he was a sergeant, and his wife, whose maiden name was Miss Nancy Devoy, was the daughter of a former color-sergeant in the same corps. There was therefore, as can be imagined, some little social friction when the young couple (for they were still young) found themselves in their new surroundings. They appear, however, to have quickly adapted themselves, and Mrs. Barclay has always, I understand, been as popular with the ladies of the regiment as her husband was with his brother officers. I may add that she was a woman of great beauty, and that even now, when she has been married for upwards of thirty years, she is still of a striking and queenly appearance.

"Colonel Barclay's family life appears to have been a uniformly happy one. Major Murphy, to whom I owe most of my facts, assures me that he has never heard of any misunderstanding between the pair. On the whole, he thinks that Barclay's devotion to his wife was greater than his wife's to Barclay. He was acutely uneasy if he were absent from her for a day. She, on the other hand, though devoted and faithful, was less obtrusively affectionate. But they were regarded in the regiment as the very model of a middle-aged couple. There was absolutely nothing in their mutual relations to prepare people for the tragedy which was to follow.

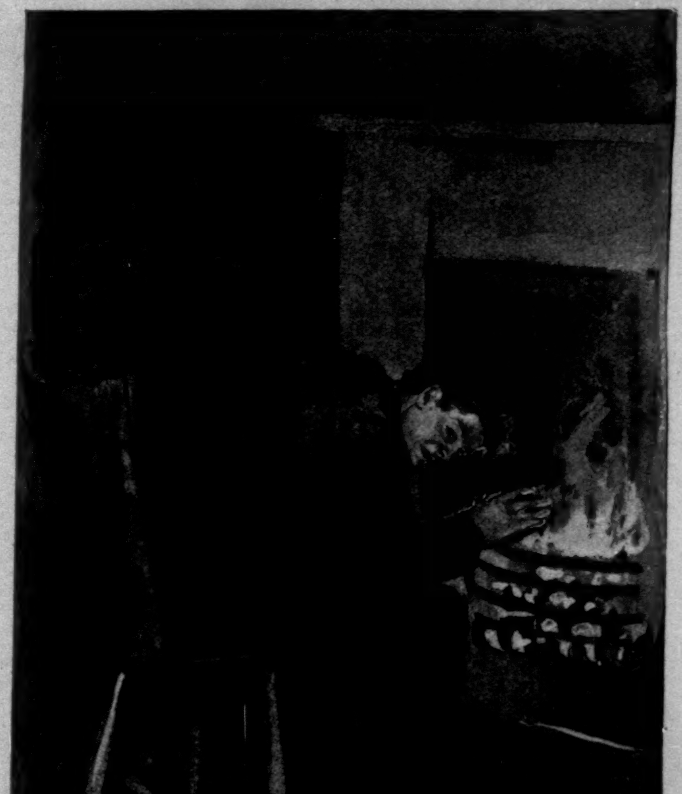
"Colonel Barclay himself seems to have had some singular traits in his character. He was a dashing, jovial old soldier in his usual mood, but there were occasions on which he seemed to show himself capable of considerable violence and vindictiveness. This side of his nature, however, appears never to have been turned towards his wife. Another fact which had struck Major Murphy, and three out of five of the other officers with whom I conversed, was the singular sort of depression which came upon him at times. As the Major expressed it, the smile had often been struck from his mouth, as if by some invisible hand, when he has been joining in the gayeties and chaff of the mess table. For days on end, when the mood was on him, he has been sunk in the deepest gloom. This and a certain tinge of superstition were the only unusual traits in his character which his brother officers had observed. The latter peculiarity took the form of a dislike to being left alone, especially after dark. This puerile feature in a nature which was conspicuously manly had often given rise to comment and conjecture.

"The first battalion of the Royal Munster (which is the old 117th) has been stationed at Aldershot for some years. The married officers live out of barracks, and the Colonel has during all this time occupied a villa called Lachine about half a mile from the north camp. The house stands in its own grounds, but the west side of it is not more than thirty yards from the highroad. A coachman and two maids form the staff of servants. These, with their master and mistress, were the sole occupants of Lachine, for the Barclays had no children, nor was it usual for them to have resident visitors.

"Now for the events at Lachine between nine and ten on the evening of last Monday.

"Mrs. Barclay was, it appears, a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and had interested herself very much in the establishment of the Guild of St. George, which was formed in connection with the Watt Street Chapel for the purpose of supplying the poor with cast-off clothing. A meeting of the guild had been held that evening at eight, and Mrs. Barclay had hurried over her dinner in order to be present at it. When leaving the house she was heard by the coachman to make some commonplace remark to her husband, and to assure him that she would be back before very long. She then called for Miss Morrison, a young lady who lives in the next villa, and the two went off together to their meeting. It lasted forty minutes, and at a quarter past nine Mrs. Barclay returned home, having left Miss Morrison at her door as she passed.

"There is a room which is used as a morning-room at Lachine. This faces the road, and opens by a large glass fold-



"HE WAS CROUCHING OVER A FIRE, AND THE ROOM WAS LIKE AN OVEN."

ing door on to the lawn. The lawn is thirty yards across, and is only divided from the highway by a low wall with an iron rail above it. It was into this room that Mrs. Barclay went upon her return. The blinds were not down, for the room was seldom used in the evening, but Mrs. Barclay herself lit the lamp, and then rang the bell, asking Jane Stewart, the housemaid, to bring her a cup of tea, which was quite contrary to her usual habits. The Colonel had been sitting in the dining-room, but hearing that his wife had returned, he joined her in the morning-room. The coachman saw him cross the hall and enter it. He was never seen again alive.

"The tea which had been ordered was brought up at the end of ten minutes, but the maid, as she approached the door, was surprised to hear the voices of her master and mistress in furious altercation. She knocked without receiving any answer, and even turned the handle, but only to find that the door was locked upon the inside. Naturally enough, she ran down to tell the cook, and the two women, with the coachman, came up into the hall, and listened to the dispute, which was still raging. They all agreed that only two voices were to be heard, those of Barclay and of his wife. Barclay's remarks were subdued and abrupt, so that none of them were audible to the listeners. The lady's, on the other hand, were most bitter, and, when she raised her voice, could be plainly heard. 'You coward!' she repeated over and over again. 'What can be done now? What can be done now? Give me back my life. I will never so much as breathe the same air with you again. You coward! You coward!' Those were scraps of her conversation, ending in a sudden dreadful cry in the man's voice, with a crash, and a piercing scream from the woman. Convinced that some tragedy had occurred, the coachman rushed to the door and strove to force it, while scream after scream issued from within. He was unable, however, to make his way in, and the maids were too distracted with fear to be of any assistance to him. A sudden thought struck him, however, and he ran through the hall door and round to the lawn upon which the long French windows open. One side of the window was open, which, I understand, was quite usual in the summer-time, and he passed without difficulty into the room. His mistress had ceased to scream, and was stretched insensible upon a couch, while, with his feet tilted over the side of an arm-chair and his head upon the ground near the corner of the fender, was lying the unfortunate soldier stone-dead in a pool of his own blood.

"Naturally the coachman's first thought, on finding that he could do nothing for his master, was to open the door. But here an unexpected and singular difficulty presented itself. The key was not on the inner side of the door, nor could he find it anywhere in the room. He went out again, therefore, through the window, and having obtained the help of a policeman and of a medical man, he returned. The lady, against whom naturally the strongest suspicion rested, was removed to her room, still in a state of insensibility. The Colonel's body was then placed upon the sofa, and a careful examination made of the scene of the tragedy.

"The injury from which the unfortunate veteran was suffering was found to be a ragged cut some two inches long at the back part of his head, which had evidently been caused by a violent blow from a blunt weapon. Nor was it difficult to guess what that weapon may have been. Upon the floor, close to the body, was lying a singular club of hard carved wood with a bone handle. The Colonel possessed a varied collection of weapons brought from the different countries in which he had fought, and it is conjectured by the police that this club was among his trophies. The servants deny having seen it before, but among the numerous curiosities in the house it is possible that it may have been overlooked. Nothing else of importance was discovered in the room by the police save the inexplicable fact that neither upon Mrs. Barclay's person, nor upon that of the victim, nor in any part of the room, was the missing key to be found. The door had eventually to be opened by a locksmith from Aldershot.

"That was the state of things, Watson, when upon the Tuesday morning I, at the request of Major Murphy, went down to Aldershot to supplement the efforts of the police. I think that you will acknowledge that the problem was already one of interest, but my observations soon made me realize that it was in truth much more extraordinary than would at first sight appear.

"Before examining the room I cross-questioned the servants, but only succeeded in eliciting the facts which I have already stated. One other detail of interest was remembered by Jane Stewart, the housemaid. You will remember that on hearing the sound of the quarrel she descended and returned with the other servants. On that first occasion when she was alone she says that the voices of her master and mistress were sunk so low that she could hear hardly anything, and judged by their tones rather than their words that they had fallen out. On my pressing her, however, she remembered that she heard the word David uttered twice by the lady. The point is of the utmost importance as guiding us towards the reason of the sudden quarrel. The Colonel's name, you remember, was James.

"There was one thing in the case which had made the deepest impression both upon the servants and the police. This was the contortion of the Colonel's face. It had set, according to their account, into the most dreadful expression of fear and horror which a human countenance is capable of assuming. More than one person fainted at the mere sight of him, so terrible was the effect. It was quite certain that he had foreseen his fate, and that it had caused him the utmost horror. This of course fitted in well enough with the police theory, if the Colonel could have seen his wife making a murderous attack upon him. Nor was the fact of the wound being on the back of his head a fatal objection to this, as he might have turned to avoid the blow. No information could be got from the lady herself, who was temporarily insane from an acute attack of brain-fever.

"From the police I learned that Miss Morrison, who, you remember, went out that evening with Mrs. Barclay, denied having any knowledge of what it was which had caused the ill humor in which her companion had returned.

"Having gathered these facts, Watson, I smoked several pipes over them, trying to separate those which were crucial from others which were merely incidental. There could be no question that the most distinctive and suggestive point in the case was the singular disappearance of the door key. A most careful search had failed to discover it in the room. Therefore it must have been taken from it. But neither the Colonel nor the Colonel's wife could have taken it. That was perfectly clear. Therefore a third person must have entered the room. And that third person could only have come in through the window. It seemed to me that a careful examination of the room and the lawn might possibly reveal some traces of this mysterious individual. You know my methods, Watson. There was not one of them which I did not apply to the inquiry. And it ended by my discovering traces, but very different ones from those which I had expected. There had been a man in the room, and he had crossed the lawn coming from the road. I was able to obtain five very clear impressions of his foot-marks: one in the roadway itself at the point where he had climbed the low wall, two on the lawn, and two very faint ones upon the stained boards near the window where he had entered. He had apparently rushed across the lawn, for his toe-marks were much deeper than his heels. But it was not the man who surprised me. It was his companion."

"His companion!"

Holmes pulled a large sheet of tissue-paper out of his pocket and carefully unfolded it upon his knee.

"What do you make of that?" he asked.

The paper was covered with the tracings of the foot-marks of some small animal. It had five well-marked foot-pads, an indication of long nails, and the whole print might be nearly as large as a dessert-spoon.

"It's a dog," said I.

"Did you ever hear of a dog running up a curtain? I found distinct traces that this creature had done so."

"A monkey, then?"

"But it is not the print of a monkey."

"What can it be, then?"

"Neither dog nor cat nor monkey nor any creature that we are familiar with. I have tried to reconstruct it from the measurements. Here are four prints where the beast has been standing motionless. You see that it is no less than fifteen inches from fore foot to hind. Add to that the length of neck and head, and you get a creature not much less than two feet long, probably more, if there is any tail. But now observe this other measurement. The animal has been moving, and we have the length of its stride In each case it is only about three inches. You have an indication, you see, of a long body with very short legs attached to it. It has not been considerate enough to leave any of its hair behind it. But its general shape must be what I have indicated, and it can run up a curtain, and it is carnivorous."

"How do you deduce that?"

"Because it ran up the curtain. A canary's cage was hanging in the window, and its aim seems to have been to get at the bird."

"Then what was the beast?"

"Ah, if I could give it a name it might go a long way towards solving the case. On the whole, it was probably some creature of the weasel and stoat tribe, and yet it is larger than any of these that I have seen."

"But what had it to do with the crime?"

"That also is still obscure. But we have learned a good deal, you perceive. We know that a man stood in the road looking at the quarrel between the Barclays—the blinds were up and the room lighted. We know also that he ran across the lawn, entered the room, accompanied by a strange animal, and that he either struck the Colonel, or, as is equally possible, that the Colonel fell down from sheer fright at the sight of him, and cut his head on the corner of the fender. Finally we have the curious fact that the intruder carried away the key with him when he left."

"Your discoveries seem to have left the business more obscure than it was before," said I.

"Quite so. They undoubtedly showed that the affair was much deeper than was at first conjectured. I thought the matter over, and I came to the conclusion that I must approach the case from another aspect. But really, Watson, I am keeping you up, and I might just as well tell you all this on our way to Aldershot to-morrow."

"Thank you, you have gone rather too far to stop."

"It is quite certain that when Mrs. Barclay left the house at half past seven she was on good terms with her husband. She was never, as I think I have said, ostentatiously affectionate, but she was heard by the coachman chatting with the Colonel in a friendly fashion. Now it was equally certain that immediately on her return she had gone to the room in which she was least likely to see her husband, had flown to tea as an agitated woman will, and finally, on his coming in to her, had broken into violent recriminations. Therefore something had occurred between 7.30 and nine o'clock which had completely altered her feelings towards him. But Miss Morrison had been with her during the whole of that hour and a half. It was absolutely certain, therefore, in spite of her denial, that she must know something of the matter.

"My first conjecture was that possibly there had been some passages between this young lady and the old soldier which the former had now confessed to the wife. That would account for the angry return and also for the girl's denial that anything had occurred. Nor would it be entirely incompatible with most of the words overheard. But there was the reference to David, and there was the known affection of the Colonel for his wife to weigh against it, to say nothing of the tragic intrusion of this other man, which might, of course, be entirely disconnected with what had gone before. It was not easy to pick one's steps, but on the whole I was inclined to dismiss the idea that there had been anything between the Colonel and Miss Morrison, but more than ever convinced that the young lady held the clew as to what it was which had turned Mrs. Barclay to hatred of her husband. I took the obvious course, therefore, of calling upon Miss M., of explaining to her that I was perfectly certain that she held the facts in her possession, and of assuring her that her friend Mrs. Barclay might find herself in the dock upon a capital charge unless the matter were cleared up.

"Miss Morrison is a little ethereal slip of a girl with timid eyes and blond hair, but I found her by no means wanting in shrewdness and common-sense. She sat thinking for some time after I had spoken, and then, turning to me with a brisk air of resolution, she broke into a remarkable statement, which I will condense for your benefit.

"'I promised my friend that I would say nothing of the matter, and a promise is a promise,' said she. 'But if I can really help her when so serious a charge is laid against her, and when her own mouth, poor darling, is closed by illness, then I think I am absolved from my promise. I will tell you exactly what happened upon Monday evening.

"'We were returning from the Watt Street Mission about a quarter to nine o'clock. On our way we had to pass through Hudson Street, which is a very quiet thoroughfare. There is only one lamp in it upon the left-hand side, and as we approached this lamp I saw a man coming towards us with his back very bent, and something like a box slung over one of his shoulders. He appeared to be deformed, for he carried his head low and walked with his knees bent. We were passing him when he raised his face to look at us in the circle of light thrown by the lamp, and as he did so he stopped and screamed out in a dreadful voice, "My God, it's Nancy!" Mrs. Barclay turned as white as death, and would have fallen down had the dreadful-looking creature not caught hold of her. I was going to call for the police, but she, to my surprise, spoke quite civilly to the fellow.

"'"I thought you had been dead this thirty years, Henry," said she, in a shaking voice.

"'"So I have," said he, and it was awful to hear the tones that he said it in. He had a very dark, fearsome face, and a gleam in his eyes that comes back to me in my dreams. His hair and whiskers were shot with gray, and his face was all crinkled and puckered like a withered apple.

"'"Just walk on a little way, dear," said Mrs. Barclay, "I want to have a word with this man. There is nothing to be afraid of." She tried to speak boldly, but she was still deadly pale, and could hardly get her words out for the trembling of her lips.

"'I did as she asked me, and they talked together for a few minutes. Then she came down the street with her eyes blazing, and I saw the crippled wretch standing by the lamp-post, and shaking his clinched fists in the air as if he were mad with rage. She never said a word until we were at the door here, when she took me by the hand and begged me to tell no one what had happened.

"'"It's an old acquaintance of mine who has come down in the world," said she. When I promised her I would say nothing she kissed me, and I have never seen her since. I have told you now the whole truth, and if I withheld it from the police it was because I did not realize then the danger in which my dear friend stood. I know that it can only be to her advantage that everything should be known.'

"There was her statement, Watson, and to me, as you can imagine, it was like a light on a dark night. Everything which had been disconnected before began at once to assume its true place, and I had a shadowy presentiment of the whole sequence of events. My next step obviously was to find the man who had produced such a remarkable impression upon Mrs. Barclay. If he were still in Aldershot it should not be a very difficult matter. There are not such a very great number of civilians, and a deformed man was sure to have attracted attention. I spent a day in the search, and by evening—this very evening, Watson, I had run him down. The man's name is Henry Wood, and he lives in lodgings in this same street in which the ladies met him. He has only been five days in the place. In the character of a registration agent I had a most interesting gossip with his landlady. The man is by trade a conjurer and performer, going round the canteens after nightfall, and giving a little entertainment at each. He carries some creature about with him in that box, about which the landlady seemed to be in considerable trepidation, for she had never seen an animal like it. He uses it in some of his tricks, according to her account. So much the woman was able to tell me, and also that it was a wonder the man lived, seeing how twisted he was, and that he spoke in a strange tongue sometimes, and that for the last two nights she had heard him groaning and weeping in his bedroom. He was all right as far as money went, but in his deposit he had given her what looked like a bad florin. She showed it to me, Watson, and it was an Indian rupee.

"So now, my dear fellow, you see exactly how we stand and why it is I want you. It is perfectly plain that after the ladies parted from this man he followed them at a distance, that he saw the quarrel between husband and wife through the window, that he rushed in, and that the creature which he carried in his box got loose. That is all very certain. But he is the only person in this world who can tell us exactly what happened in that room."

"And you intend to ask him?"

"Most certainly—but in the presence of a witness."

"And I am the witness?"

"If you will be so good. If he can clear the matter up, well and good. If he refuses, we have no alternative but to apply for a warrant."

"But how do you know he'll be there when we return?"

"You may be sure that I took some precautions. I have one of my Baker Street boys mounting guard over him who would stick to him like a burr, go where he might. We shall find him in Hudson Street to-morrow, Watson, and meanwhile I should be the criminal myself if I kept you out of bed any longer."

It was mid-day when we found ourselves at the scene of the tragedy, and under my companion's guidance we made our way at once to Hudson Street. In spite of his capacity for concealing his emotions, I could easily see that Holmes was in a state of suppressed excitement, while I was myself tingling with that half-sporting, half-intellectual pleasure which I invariably experienced when I associated myself with him in his investigations.

"This is the street," said he, as we turned into a short thoroughfare lined with plain two-storied brick houses. "Ah, here is Simpson to report."

"He's in all right, Mr. Holmes!" cried a small street arab, running up to us.

"Good, Simpson," said Holmes, patting him on the head. "Come along, Watson. This is the house."

He sent in his card with a message that he had come on important business, and a moment later we were face to face with the man whom we had come to see. In spite of the warm weather he was crouching over the fire, and the little room was like an oven. The man sat all twisted and huddled in his chair in a way which gave an indescribable impression of deformity; but the face which he turned towards us, though worn and swarthy, must at some time have been remarkable for its beauty. He looked suspiciously at us now out of yellow-shot bilious eyes, and without speaking or rising, he waved towards two chairs.

"Mr. Henry Wood, late of India, I believe?" said Holmes, affably. "I've come over this little matter of Colonel Barclay's death."

"What should I know about that?"

"That's what I want to ascertain. You know, I suppose, that unless the matter is cleared up, Mrs. Barclay, who is an old friend of yours, will in all probability be tried for murder."

The man gave a violent start.

"I don't know who you are," he cried, "nor how you come to know what you do know, but will you swear that this is true that you tell me?"

"Why, they are only waiting for her to come to her senses to arrest her."

"My God! Are you in the police yourself?"

"No."

"What business is it of yours, then?"

"It's every man's business to see justice done."

"You can take my word that she is innocent."

"Then you are guilty?"

"No, I am not."

"Who killed Colonel James Barclay, then?"

"It was a just Providence that killed him. But, mind

you this, that if I had knocked his brains out, as it was in my heart to do, he would have had no more than his due from my hands. If his own guilty conscience had not struck him down, it is likely enough that I might have had his blood upon my soul. You want me to tell the story. Well, I don't know why I shouldn't, for there's no cause for me to be ashamed of it.

"It was in this way, sir. You see me now with my back like a camel and my ribs all awry, but there was a time when Corporal Henry Wood was the smartest man in the 117th foot. We were in India then, in cantonments, at a place we'll call Bhurtee. Barclay, who died the other day, was sergeant in the same company as myself, and the belle of the regiment, ay, and the finest girl that ever had the breath of life between her lips, was Nancy Devoy, the daughter of the color sergeant. There were two men that loved her, and one that she loved, and you'll smile when you look at this poor thing huddled before the fire, and hear me say that it was for my good looks that she loved me.

"Well, though I had her heart, her father was set upon her marrying Barclay. I was a harum-scarum reckless lad, and he had had an education, and was already marked for the sword belt. But the girl held true to me, and it seemed that I would have had her, when the mutiny broke out and all hell was loose in the country.

"We were shut up in Bhurtee, the regiment of us with half a battery of artillery, a company of Sikhs, and a lot of civilians and women folk. There were ten thousand rebels round us, and they were as keen as a set of terriers round a rat-cage. About the second week of it our water gave out, and it was a question whether we could communicate with General Neill's column which was moving up country. It was our only chance, for we could not hope to fight our way out with all the women and children, so I volunteered to go out and to warn General Neill of our danger. My offer was accepted, and I talked it over with Sergeant Barclay, who was supposed to know the ground better than any other man, and who drew up a route by which I might get through the rebel lines. At ten o'clock the same night I started off upon my journey. There were a thousand lives to save, but it was of only one that I was thinking when I dropped over the wall that night.

"My way ran down a dried-up water-course, which we hoped would screen me from the enemy's sentries, but as I crept round the corner of it I walked right into six of them who were crouching down in the dark waiting for me. In an instant I was stunned with a blow, and bound hand and foot. But the real blow was to my heart and not to my head, for, as I came to and listened to as much as I could understand of their talk, I heard enough to tell me that my comrade, the very man who had arranged the way that **I was to take, had betrayed me by means of a native servant into the hands of the enemy.**

"Well, there's no need for me to dwell on that part of it. You know now what James Barclay was capable of. Bhurtee was relieved by Neill next day, but the rebels took me away with them in their retreat, and it was many a long year before ever I saw a white face again. I was tortured, and tried to get away, and was captured and tortured again. You can see for yourselves the state in which I was left. Some of them that fled into Nepaul took me with them, and then afterwards I was up past Darjeeling. The hill folk up there murdered the rebels who had me, and I became their slave for a time until I escaped, but instead of going south I had to go north until I found myself among the Afghans. There I wandered about for many a year, and at last came back to the Punjaub, where I lived mostly among the natives, and picked up a living by the conjuring tricks that I had learned. What use was it for me, a wretched cripple, to go back to England or to make myself known to my old comrades? Even my wish for revenge would not make me do that. I had rather that Nancy and my old pals should think of Harry Wood as having died with a straight back, than see him living and crawling with a stick like a chimpanzee. They never doubted that I was dead, and I meant that they never should. I heard that Barclay had married Nancy, and that he was rising rapidly in the regiment; but even that did not make me speak. But when one gets old, one has a longing for home. For years I've been dreaming of the bright green fields and the hedges of England. At last I determined to see them before I died. I saved enough to bring me across, and then I came here where the soldiers are, for I know their ways, and how to amuse them, and so earn enough to keep me."

"Your narrative is most interesting," said Sherlock Holmes. "I have already heard of your meeting with Mrs. Barclay, and your mutual recognition. You then, as I understand, followed her home, and saw through the window an altercation between her husband and her, in which she doubtless cast his conduct to you in his teeth. Your own feelings overcame you, and you ran across the lawn and broke in upon them?"

"I did, sir, and at the sight of me he looked as I have never seen a man look before, and over he went with his head on the fender. But he was dead before he fell. I read death on his face as plain as I can read that text over the fire. The bare sight of me was like a bullet through his guilty heart."

"And then?"

"Then Nancy fainted, and I caught up the key of the door from her hand, intending to unlock it and get help. But as I was doing it, it seemed to me better to leave it **alone and get away, for the thing might look black against me, and anyway my secret would be out if I were taken.** In my haste I thrust the key into my pocket, and dropped my stick while I was chasing Teddy, who had run up the curtain. When I got him into his box, from which he had slipped, I was off as fast as I could run."

"Who's Teddy?" asked Holmes.

The man leaned over and pulled up the front of a kind of hutch in the corner. In an instant out there slipped a beautiful reddish-brown creature, thin and lithe, with the legs of a stoat, a long thin nose, and a pair of the finest red eyes that ever I saw in an animal's head.

"It's a mongoose," I cried.

"Well, some call them that, and some call them ichneumon," said the man. "Snake-catcher is what I call them, and Teddy is amazing quick on cobras. I have one here without the fangs, and Teddy catches it every night to please the folk in the canteen. Any other point, sir?"

"Well, we may have to apply to you again if Mrs. Barclay should prove to be in serious trouble."

"In that case of course I'd come forward."

"But if not, there is no object in raking up this scandal against a dead man, foully as he has acted. You have at least the satisfaction of knowing that for thirty years of his life his conscience bitterly reproached him for this wicked deed. Ah, there goes Major Murphy on the other side of the street. Good-by, Wood; I want to learn if anything has happened since yesterday."

We were in time to overtake the Major before he reached the corner.

"Ah, Holmes," he said, "I suppose you have heard that all this fuss has come to nothing?"

"What, then?"

"The inquest is just over. The medical evidence showed conclusively that death was due to apoplexy. You see, it was quite a simple case after all."

"Oh, remarkably superficial," said Holmes, smiling. "Come, Watson, I don't think we shall be wanted in Aldershot any more."

"There's one thing," said I, as we walked down to the station, "if the husband's name was James, and the other was Henry, what was this talk about David?"

"That one word, my dear Watson, should have told me the whole story had I been the ideal reasoner which you are so fond of depicting. It was evidently a term of reproach."

"Of reproach?"

"Yes; David strayed a little occasionally you know, and on one occasion in the same direction as Sergeant James Barclay. You remember the small affair of Uriah and Bathsheba? My Biblical knowledge is a trifle rusty, I fear, but you will find the story in the first or second of Samuel."

THE "SEVENTH" OF NEW YORK.

New York is very often accused, and with much show of reason, of being deficient in civic feeling, but several of the possessions or institutions of the metropolis never fail to call forth the most sincere pride of the people. Among these enthusiasm-provoking possessions are Central Park and the Seventh Regiment, and there is no impropriety in thus naming them together, even though recently there was a very loud protest from the people when there was a proposition for the regiment to hold a dress parade in the Park. This protest was due to the fact that the people felt that they could not trust themselves in the presence of both of their pets, for they feared that in their enthusiastic desire to see the soldiers they would ruin the shrubbery, grass, and flowers of the Park. And so the regiment staid out of the Park, and, a week later, went to the State Encampment at Peekskill for its round of duty there.

Each regiment in the National Guard has a week of camp life every other year, and during this time the citizen soldiers are under the observation of the Governor's military staff, and also several officers detailed from the regular army to give assistance and advice, and to report on the efficiency of the various organizations. One week in two years is not much time to give to actual work or to put into practice the things taught in the armories. But it is very much better than no camp life at all, as the men learn to know each other much better, and the officers learn the capacities of the men. Indeed, the camp is the place of all others, next to an actual fighting campaign, to learn to know men at their correct value.

There is more or less of an idea, even in New York, where the people generally think that the Seventh can do no wrong, that these encampments are long picnics, where both officers and men have a tremendously good time, and a freedom from restraint unknown in city life. There could be no more mistaken idea than this. The officers and men may have a good time, for there is a certain joy in a man with military enthusiasm in the punctilious performance of duty, but the restraint is constant and continuous, and also the work. The men are up at daylight each morning, and they are kept at work pretty constantly until the dress parade is dismissed and the sunset gun is fired. In June from the rising to the setting of the sun is a good many long hours, and the men after their many drills and ceremonies are pretty well tired out when supper is over. But the gayer spirits cannot settle down without making something of every night, so in every company street there is more or less of fun and merriment before the midnight quiet, which is broken only by the sentry's tread and the rhythmic snore of tired sleepers.

According to the new drill regulations made necessary by the rapid-firing guns, field movements are in extended order, and therefore even a small body of men require a large area in which to operate. The parade-grounds at Peekskill are only large enough for one battalion at a time to drill in, and the large Seventh Regiment armory in New York only affords room for one company at a time to drill in extended order, and then the intervals must be reduced from that required by the regulations. In the field this drill, with its ever-changing fire-line, and the squads in reserve moving quickly from point to point as the attacking line advances and retreats, is most attractive; and no one who has seen the Seventh on a warm day go through this drill for two hours at a time will be inclined to say anything more of the picnic that the boys have when in camp. This is work—work of the hardest kind, for all the movements are made in double time, and at every halt the men must lie on the ground. When a squad halts at a road crossing, or other muddy place, this lying on the ground is not great sport; but none are seen to flinch, however disagreeable the place may be. The physical exercise given by such a drill is most admirable, but some of the thick-waisted veterans must have thought, when going at double time across the North Parade-ground, that it was a mile at least from one side to the other.

That which will most astonish a visitor to the Seventh Regiment when it is in camp is the very soldierly and businesslike look and manner of the men when they are clad in their service uniforms of gray blouses and gray caps. We have long been familiar with the neat and natty appearance of the men in full dress, with their white helmets, pipe-clayed cross-belts, and white duck trousers, but it is only when real work is to be done that this less formal uniform is worn. In it the men look like veritable campaigners, and the veterans among them, the honor-roll men who have served a quarter of a century or more, have not about them the faintest suspicion of the holiday soldier. The manner and appearance of these men are distinctively military at all times. In intercourse with officers, men, and civilian visitors, these men seem to be old and experienced soldiers all the time. The writer was assured by a veteran of the regular army that many of the men of whom mention has just been made would pass in any camp in the world as soldiers of long experience and careful discipline.

One of the most interesting episodes of the week was the visit of the class of '94 from the West Point Academy. These young men came on horseback under command of the cavalry instructor, who in the afternoon put them through a drill for the benefit of the citizen soldiers. Though the cavalry drill was new to this class, the young fellows went through it with a dash and accuracy that were remarkable, and when they charged across the field and back the enthusiasm of the spectators, both military and civil, broke forth in loud applause. After the dress parade of the Seventh in the afternoon the cadets reviewed the regiment, each company marching past in command of its first sergeant. When the veteran color-sergeant lowered his flag in front of the reviewing cadets, and they saluted with bared heads, the spectators lining the green rose from their seats to express their satisfaction and in some measure to participate in the pleasing ceremony. The regiment returned to town after one week's work on the tented field, and the Forty-seventh went into camp for its turn of service.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.

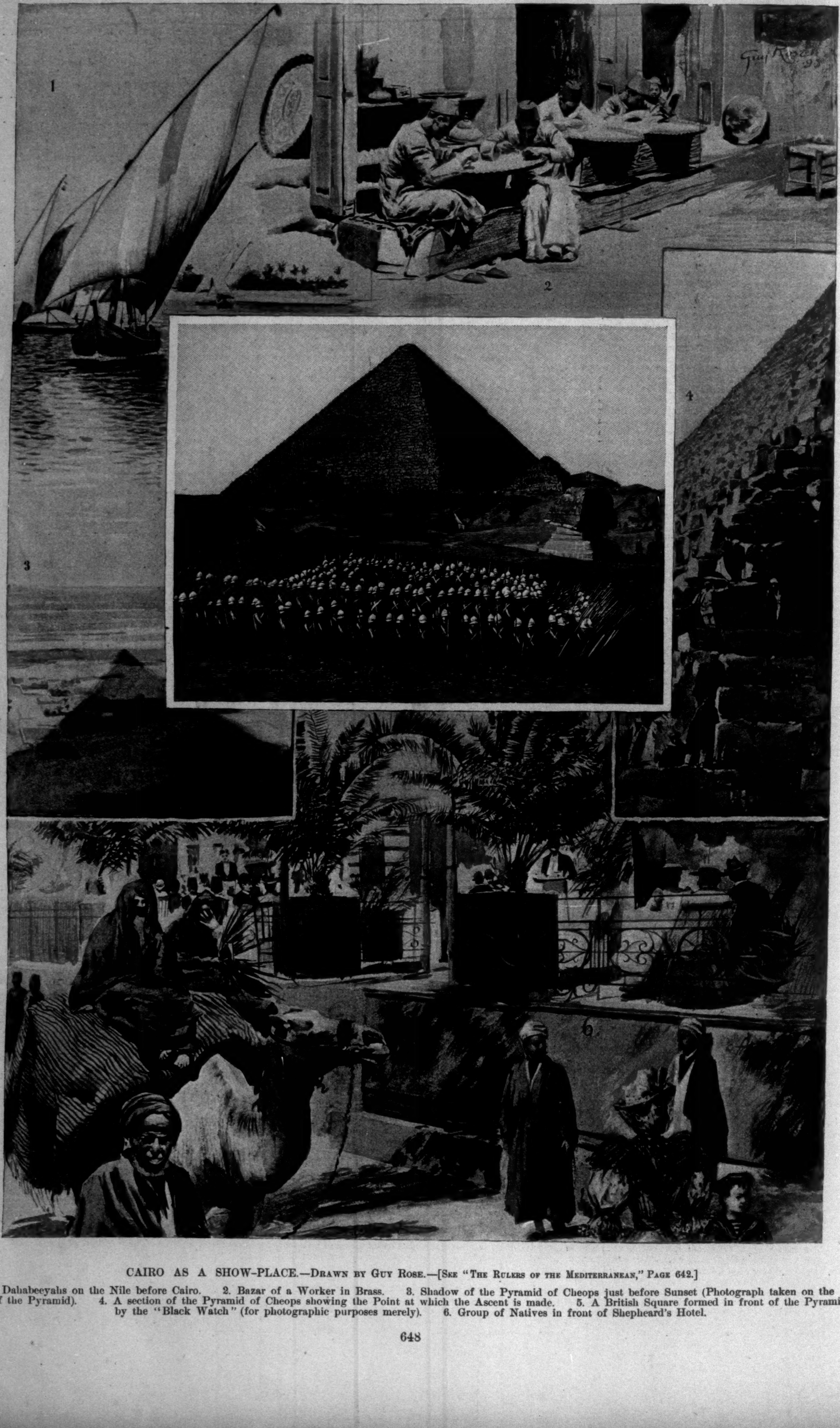
GENTLEMEN IN THE TENEMENT-HOUSE DISTRICT.

When a man or woman of education and refinement chooses to go and live among the poor of a crowded city, in the hope that he or she may find an opportunity for good works, and also learn something that may contribute to the solution of the difficult problem of permanently bettering the condition of the poor, then the motives of that person are above criticism, whatever may be thought of the wisdom and effectiveness of such a course. Some men who have risen from the classes that dwell in the tenement-house section, and who have grown philosophic in contemplating the condition of the people who still dwell in poverty in such localities, are pretty confident in the opinion that efforts from the outside to help other than individual cases will always be futile, because they maintain that the salvation of these poor people rests in their own hands. Others in the tenement-house section, bitten by the socialistic snake, believe that mere societies of earnest men and women from the outside can accomplish nothing whatever, because the remedy can only be found in governmental changes—changes which would make the government parental in its fullest sense, but which will not interfere with the freedom of the individual. But there are students of social science who believe in what is called the laboratory method of investigating the causes of poverty and finding their remedy. To this class belong those who have established the United Charities Association and the societies belonging thereto; and also to this class belong those who have established the Neighborhood Guild and the University Settlement Society on the east side of New York, and the Toynbee Hall movement in the East End of London. There seems certainly much reason to believe that the only way to study the cause and cure of poverty is by looking at it when it is at home, and not on parade, or as it is frequently shown by street mendicants and others.

The Neighborhood Guild was established in New York several years ago, and has had quarters in the tenement-house section ever since. I have seen no publications of the workers of this Guild that lead me to believe that they have recorded any observations of scientific value in the solution of the problem in hand. It may be that they have contented themselves with good works in individual cases, and in winning the confidence, respect, and good-will of the people among whom they have been working. In this smaller field—a field, however, almost illimitable in extent—the Neighborhood Guild appears to have met with most gratifying success. The man who has been most distinguished in such work has been Dr. Stanton Coit, a gentleman from Columbus, Ohio, and an alumnus of Amherst College. Indeed, he might well be called the founder of this Guild. He went to the University of Berlin after leaving Amherst, and studied social questions, religion, and philosophy. From Berlin he went to London, where he lived some time at Toynbee Hall. Returning to America, he became Professor Adler's assistant in the Society for Ethical Culture, and lectured in the absence of his chief. He took up his residence in Forsyth Street, in the same neighborhood where the work has since been carried on. This was about six years ago.

Four and a half years ago the University Settlement Society was formed, with Dr. Seth Low, President of Columbia College, as the president of the society. The objects of this society were identical with that of the Neighborhood Guild, and thus the latter society was merged in the new, which promised to secure a more general and generous public support. A number of university men took up their residence in Forsyth Street, and have endeavored, as the Neighborhood Guild was doing, to make their house the headquarters for those in the neighborhood who could be induced to care for other resorts than the bar-rooms. They also had kindergarten classes in the day, and classes of various kinds in the evening. They got up entertainments and had dances. Meantime Dr. Coit had been called to London to be the lecturer of the Ethical Society there. He has since held that position, but last fall he returned to New York to take charge of the house the society had taken at 26 Delancey Street. Here he staid till April, and with his ripe experience and the help of his zealous assistants, organized the work in that street. It was active all the winter, and is still going on, though Dr. Coit has returned to London, where he will stay till the coming autumn.

But the gentlemen of the University Settlement Society are in need of several things. For their immediate work they need more assistance both from men and women. They need men to help teach the night classes, and to assist in organizing entertainments; they need women to teach the kindergartens, and to visit the sick and feeble. These wants probably only need to be known to be supplied, for there must be many men and women in New York who have ample time to spare, and who would be only too glad to assist in any sensible work having for its object the amelioration of the condition of the poor. But the society also needs a house—a house something like Toynbee Hall and Leighton Hall in London, Hull House in Chicago, and Andover House in Boston. One of the members, Mr. Gildersleeve, an architect, has made the plans for such a building as is required. The lot, building, and furnishings would cost about $80,000. The members of the society have hoped that some wealthy man or woman would supply the money for such a building, and so connect his or her name with the institution. If this hope be not soon realized, they will ask for subscriptions from all interested in the work. From such a social laboratory it is hoped that contributions will be made which, in connection with that from similar places, will help in solving a problem of the greatest importance to mankind.



CAIRO AS A SHOW-PLACE.—DRAWN BY GUY ROSE.—[SEE "THE RULERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN," PAGE 642.]

1. Dahabeeyahs on the Nile before Cairo. 2. Bazar of a Worker in Brass. 3. Shadow of the Pyramid of Cheops just before Sunset (Photograph taken on the top of the Pyramid). 4. A section of the Pyramid of Cheops showing the Point at which the Ascent is made. 5. A British Square formed in front of the Pyramids by the "Black Watch" (for photographic purposes merely). 6. Group of Natives in front of Shepheard's Hotel.

HARVARD CLASS-DAY.—Drawn by Frank O. Small.—[See Page 650.]

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

VI.—THE FRESH BEAR CO.

A GLOOM seemed to rest upon the usually genial party gathered around the table. Even the vivacious Jackson Peters was somewhat downcast, especially after Jones thwarted him in his attempt to tell of a St. Louis man he had just heard of who recently took first prize in a homing pigeon match by inserting a small rubber tube in the throat of his bird and inflating him with hydrogen gas. Jones indignantly denounced the story as improbable. After this silence settled down upon the group for some time; but when the waiter withdrew, Jones casually observed, "I see the usual summer trouble with the ice-men has begun."

"Yes," Robinson returned. "My ice-man complains of the expense of having to carry one large piece of ice in his wagon to keep the little ones from melting before he can deliver them to his customers."

"Precisely," answered Jones. "That is the way with ice-men. I once knew an ice-man in Detroit who presented each of his customers with a volume of Dr. Kane's *Arctic Explorations*, and then cut down the size of his pieces of ice fifty per cent. But speaking of ice-men, how inadequate, after all, is our vaunted system of cold storage. I speak, gentlemen *ex cathedra*, having been the originator and president of the Scranton Fresh Bear Supply Co. We raised black bears, and put fresh bear meat on the market in carload lots, whether bears were in season or not. I will tell you about it in a moment."

Jones leaned back in a chair and puffed at his cigar with an air of blended expectation and resignation. At the end of one minute he remarked, simply, "Well?"

"Well what?" demanded Jackson Peters, sharply.

"We are waiting, Jackson, for the story of an uncle of yours who invented a canary-bird cage which could be used as a rat-trap at night."

"There was never anything of the kind in the family," answered Jackson Peters, with a suspicion of indignation.

"Indeed? I anticipated that a direct reference to black bears would remind you of canary-bird cages. But to our story. It was at Scranton, Pennsylvania, the State bear headquarters. In fact, Scranton is the wild animal capital of the United States. At no other place are they so intelligent. I was once, eight miles north of Scranton, jostled by two black bears while a third picked my pocket of a tobacco-pouch and sixty cents in change. You may well look interested, Jackson; that is worth remembering. A young man of your age can learn many valuable facts by listening quietly to my conversation. Still, I never had an uncle who invented a folding-bed which could be used as a sloop-yacht in the daytime, utilizing the sheets for sails, and the space under the mattress for storing the champagne.

"But we did not have to do with the wild bears except to make a beginning. We caught one hundred prime black bears and started a bear ranch. At the end of four years we had 5000 head of bear. We began to put them on the market, and the Scranton Supply Co.'s bear meat became famous in this country and Europe. But we found our profits largely eaten up by several peculiarities of the business. Our bears all became beautifully fat in the fall, but to keep them so and supply the year-around demand which had sprung up was expensive. We tried raising the price, but the public would not stand it, and many people ceased to buy our meat. We tried cold storage for our bear meat, but this our customers also objected to, demanding absolutely fresh meat. Indeed, local butchers soon came to insist on having the live bear shipped directly to them. When we abandoned cold storage we found ourselves $50,000 in debt, and with 2000 fat bears on hand ready for the abattoir, and practically no demand for bear at remunerative prices. I may say, gentlemen, that it was not a good day for b'ar.

"At this juncture the president of the company arose and took complete control of affairs with a firm hand. I think I mentioned the fact that I was the president. I asked for unlimited authority, and the stockholders gave it to me. I turned to the abandoned cold-storage warehouse, started up the ice-machines, and although it was in June, reduced the temperature inside to five below zero. In the mean time I had procured from the woods around Scranton 2000 hollow logs. These I placed in the cold-storage warehouse. I then drove in our 2000 fat bears. They sniffed the air once or twice, growled a little, and began nosing around among the logs. They thought they saw that a hard winter was upon them, and, gentlemen, each one of those intelligent animals crawled into a hollow log and began to hibernate. By keeping the temperature at the same low point we found that we could leave a bear there for any length of time we chose—three months, six months, one year, two years—and he would come out as fat and fresh as when he went in. When we got an order from a butcher we would nail a cover over the hole in the log and ship it to him with the bear inside, like a silk hat in a pasteboard box. The butcher could, if he wished, put him in cold storage and keep him still longer. We advertised our bears as 'hibernated at the ranch,' and at the end of two years I retired from the company with $80,000 in cash."

Jones rose, walked firmly to the mantel, and helped himself to a match. The voice of Jackson Peters was heard in the room, as he sniffed the air, and said, "I suppose you lost it raising rabbits to slaughter during the dark of the moon in a convenient cemetery for their left hind feet, eh?"

"Young man, I didn't lose that money at all. I went to Chicago and began the publication of pocket testaments for the Iowa trade. I had strong competition in the Iowa Family Supply Company, but as its testaments held only a pint, while mine would all hold a quart, I got the bulk of the trade, and doubled my money inside of eighteen months."

H. C.

CHARLES CARROLL BONNEY.

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

THE WORLD'S CONGRESS AUXILIARY.

"NOT things, but men,' is the motto of the organization which will hold a series of important congresses in Chicago during the continuance of the fair, and auxiliary to it. This series of meetings was the idea of Mr. Charles Carroll Bonney, a noted Chicago lawyer, a man of great energy and force, and one who from his youth has been active in educational work and full of public spirit. In announcing the present plan for these congresses Mr. Bonney said: "To make the exposition complete and the celebration adequate, the wonderful achievements of the new age in science, literature, education, government, jurisprudence, morals, charity, religion, and other departments of human activity should also be conspicuously displayed as the most effective means of increasing the fraternity, progress, prosperity, and peace of mankind." He therefore suggested that, among other great themes, the congresses should consider the following: (1) The grounds of fraternal union in the language, literature, domestic life, religion, science, art, and civil institutions of different peoples; (2) the economic, industrial, and financial problems of the age; (3) educational systems—advantages and their defects, and the means by which they may best be adapted to the recent and enormous increase in all departments of knowledge; (4) the practicability of a common language for use in the commercial relations of the civilized world; (5) international copyright, and the laws of intellectual property and commerce; (6) immigration and naturalization laws, and the proper international privileges of alien governments and their subjects or citizens; (7) the most efficient and advisable means of preventing or decreasing pauperism, insanity, and crime, and of increasing productive prosperity and virtue throughout the world; (8) international law as a bond of union and a means of mutual protection, and how it may best be enlarged, perfected, and authoritatively expressed; (9) the establishment of the principles of judicial justice as the supreme law of international relations, and the general substitution of arbitration for war in the settlement of international controversies.

This outlined a very large and comprehensive programme, and as the preliminary announcement was sent broadcast throughout the world, Mr. Bonney soon received a great many valuable suggestions as to how the congresses should finally be constituted. It has been arranged that the work of the congresses shall be divided into nineteen departments, and for each of these a preliminary organization has been effected and a preliminary publication issued. These publications set forth the scope of each department, the nature of the subjects to be considered, the divisions of the department and its committee, together with the advisory councils as appointed. The departments are as follows: Woman's Progress, the Public Press, Medicine and Surgery, Temperance, Moral and Social Reform, Commerce and Finance, Music, Literature, Education, Engineering, Art, Government, Science and Philosophy, Labor, Religion, Sunday Rest, Public Health, Agriculture, and a general department of subjects specially assigned.

The themes to be presented in the various congresses will be selected with a view to make a complete and orderly treatment of the general subject embraced in the department. The programmes of the different departments and divisions will be carefully compared, and all papers and remarks will be strictly limited to an allotted time. It will obviously be better in a given hour to have two or three compact papers from as many different leaders than to give the time at command to one of them for a long discourse on various subjects. The object will be to state results and present existing problems, and for this purpose long papers are neither necessary nor desirable.

The time at disposal after the delivery of a discourse will be given to the most eminent persons present, who will speak on the call of the presiding officer, and to whom such previous notice as may be practicable will be given. The summaries of progress to be presented and the problems of the age to be stated in these congresses will not be submitted to the vote of those who may happen to be present, but will be offered for subsequent deliberative examination by the enlightened minds of all countries, for unrestricted discussion in the forum, the pulpit, and the public press. With this end in view, the remarks of leaders in the elucidation of a subject will take the place of ordinary debate.

These congresses will not be held at the regular Fair Grounds, but in the Permanent Memorial Art Palace, erected on the Lake Front Park through the co-operation of the Art Institute of Chicago, the City of Chicago, and the Directory of the World's Fair. Meetings of such a character as to draw a large popular audience will be held in the main audience-rooms, while meetings of chapters or sections of different congresses for the discussion of subjects of a more limited interest will be held in the small rooms. It will thus be possible to have two general congresses and twenty special congresses or conferences in session at the same time, and to have three times as many meetings within a single day by arranging different programmes for morning, afternoon, and evening sessions.

THE HARVARD CLASS-DAY "TREE."

FROM W. D. HOWELLS'S "APRIL HOPES."

THE sun had not been oppressive at any time during the day, though the crowded building had been close and warm, and now it lay like a painted light on the grass and paths over which they passed to the entrance of the grounds around the Tree. Holden Chapel, which enclosed the space on the right as they went in, shed back the sun from its brick-red flank, rising unrelieved in its venerable ugliness by any touch of the festive preparations; but to their left and diagonally across from them high stagings supported tiers of seats along the equally unlovely red bulks of Hollis and of Harvard. These seats, and the windows in the stories above them, were densely packed with people, mostly young girls dressed in a thousand enchanting shades and colours, and bonneted and hatted to the last effect of fashion. They were like vast terraces of flowers to the swift glance, and here and there some brilliant parasol, spread to catch the sun on the higher ranks, was like a flaunting poppy, rising to the light and lolling out above the blooms of lower stature. But the parasols were few, for the two halls flung wide curtains of shade over the greater part of the spectators, and across to the foot of the chapel, while a piece of the carpentry whose simplicity seems part of the Class Day tradition shut out the glare and the uninvited public, striving to penetrate the enclosure next the street. In front of this yellow pine wall, with its ranks of benches, stood the Class Day Tree, girded at ten or fifteen feet from the ground with a wide band of flowers.

Mrs. Pasmer and her friends found themselves so late that if some gentlemen who knew Professor Saintsbury had not given up their places they could have got no seats. But this happened, and the three ladies had harmoniously blended their hues with those of the others in that bank of bloom, and the gentlemen had somehow made away with their obstructiveness in different crouching and stooping postures at their feet, when the Junior Class filed into the green enclosure amidst the 'rahs of their friends, and sank in long ranks on the grass beside the chapel. Then the Sophomores appeared, and were received with cheers by the Juniors, with whom they joined, as soon as they were placed, in heaping ignominy upon the freshmen. The Seniors came last, grotesque in the variety of their old clothes, and a fierce uproar of 'rahs and yells met them from the students squatted upon the grass as they loosely grouped themselves in front of the Tree; the men of the younger classes formed in three rings, and began circling in different directions around them.

Mrs. Pasmer bent across Mrs. Saintsbury to her daughter, "Can you make out Mr. Mavering among them, Alice?"

"No. Hush, mamma!" pleaded the girl.

With the subsidence of the tumult in the other classes, the Seniors had broken from the stoical silence they kept through it, and were now with an equally serious clamour applauding the first of a long list of personages, beginning with the President, and ranging through their favourites in the Faculty down to Billy the Postman. The leader who invited them to this expression of good feeling exacted the full tale of nine cheers for each person he named, and before he reached the last the 'rahs came in gasps from their dry throats.

In the midst of the tumult the marshal flung his hat at the elm; then the rush upon the tree took place, and the scramble for the flowers. The first who swarmed up the trunk were promptly plucked down by the legs and flung upon the ground, as if to form a base there for the operations of the rest, who surged and built themselves up around the elm in an irregular mass. From time to time some one appeared clambering over heads and shoulders to make a desperate lunge and snatch at the flowers, and then fall back into the fluctuant heap again. Yells, cries, and clappings of hands came from the other students, and the spectators in the seats, involuntarily dying away almost to silence as some stronger or wilfuler aspirant held his own on the heads and shoulders of the others, or was stayed there by his friends among them till he could make sure of a handful of the flowers. A rush was made upon him when he reached the ground; if he could keep his flowers from the hands that snatched at them, he staggered away with the fragments. The wreath began to show wide patches of the bark under it; the surging and struggling crowd below grew less dense; here and there one struggled out of it and walked slowly about, panting pitiably.

"Oh, I wonder they don't kill each other!" cried Mrs. Pasmer. "Isn't it terrible?" She would not have missed it on any account; but she liked to get all she could out of her emotions.

"They never get hurt," said Mrs. Saintsbury. "Oh, look! There's Dan Mavering!"

The crowd at the foot of the tree had closed densely, and a wilder roar went up from all the students. A tall, slim young fellow, lifted on the shoulders of the mass below and staying himself with one hand against the tree, rapidly stripped away the remnants of the wreath, and flung them into the crowd under him. A single tuft remained; the crowd was melting away under him in a scramble for the fallen flowers; he made a crooked leap, caught the tuft, and tumbled with it headlong.

"Oh!" breathed the ladies on the benches, with a general suspiration lost in the 'rahs and clappings, as Mavering reappeared with the bunch of flowers in his hand. He looked dizzily about, as if not sure of his course; then his face, flushed and heated, with the hair pulled over the eyes, brightened with recognition, and he advanced upon Mrs. Saintsbury's party with rapid paces, each of which Mrs. Pasmer commentated with inward conjecture.

"Is he bringing the flowers to Alice? Isn't it altogether too conspicuous? Has he really the right to do it? What will people think? Will he give them to me for her, or will

he hand them directly to her? Which should I prefer him to do? I wonder if I know?"

When she looked up with the air of surprise mixed with deprecation and ironical disclaimer which she had prepared while these things were passing through her mind, young Mavering had reached them, and had paused in a moment's hesitation before his father. With a bow of affectionate burlesque, from which he lifted his face to break into laughter at the look in all their eyes, he handed the tattered nosegay to his father.

"Oh, how delightful! how delicate! how perfect!" Mrs. Pasmer confided to herself.

"I think this must be for you, Mrs. Pasmer," said the elder Mavering, offering her the bouquet, with a grave smile at his son's whim.

"Oh no, indeed!" said Mrs. Pasmer. "For Mrs. Saintsbury, of course."

She gave it to her, and Mrs. Saintsbury at once transferred it to Miss Pasmer.

"They wished me to pass this to you, Alice;" and at this consummation Dan Mavering broke into another happy laugh.

"Mrs. Saintsbury, you always do the right thing at once," he cried.

"That's more than I can say of *you*, Mr. Mavering," she retorted.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Mavering!" said the girl, receiving the flowers. It was as if she had been too intent upon them and him to have noticed the little comedy that had conveyed them to her.

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

By HENRY B. FULLER.

XI.

McDowell's second check to Vibert proved good on the opening of business next morning. It was paid in the usual mechanical and impersonal fashion that gives no possible clew to the amount of the balance remaining after; but paid it was, all the same, and Vibert's anticipated opportunity for further invective—an opportunity which he considered quite possible, and would have been by no means sorry to embrace—came to naught.

McDowell's friendly intimation that St. Asaph's might presently dispense with Vibert's services was soon found to have as solid a backing as his signature. Within less than a fortnight Vibert was dismissed, though on grounds not altogether the same as those that McDowell had figured upon.

If Vibert, after descending to the ground-floor, had immediately crossed the great court of the Clifton, instead of lingering there for a moment, the outcome might have been quite different. But he paused in the midst of its mosaicked expanse to pull out the check from his pocket and to take another look at it. He projected his vision so far into the future as the next forenoon, and saw the check again rejected—this time by the teller of the Highflyers'—by reason of "no account," or perhaps by reason of "no funds." He dramatized a precipitous visit to McDowell's office, and improvised the scene of denunciation and vigorous action that was to accompany it.

"It had better be good this time," he muttered, with his eyes on the pavement. "I'll strangle him if it ain't."

He tossed up his head and sent a fierce and frowning glance through one of the great plates of French glass that shut in the court. His eye darted forward on its own level, but it saw nothing save McDowell in his office, ten or twelve floors above.

Most of the panes that enclosed this central space were of great height and breadth, and were lettered with the silvered styles and titles of various railroad and mining companies; others, smaller, gave light and some ventilation to a few boothlike shops; a few others, immovable half-lights, admitted a little daylight and no air at all to certain closet-like crannies that had a squeezed and crowded rôle in the Clifton's general economy. One of these last looked out from under a kind of secondary stairway; it lighted the scullery of the Acme Lunch Room, and it commanded a view of that side of the court on which Vibert was standing.

Vibert's heel gave a vicious dig into the mosaic pavement, and made a quick and rasping turn towards the exit. He crossed the court with a heavy yet rapid stride, and passed out into the street. He was quite unconscious of observation, but he had been seen.

Through the half-pane under the stairway a young woman had noted his presence and witnessed his departure. She was a thin, faded creature, in the forlorn garments of an undisguisable poverty. All but the faintest traces of good looks seemed to have been taken from her by a long experience with illness and suffering. She stood close against the pane. Her thin fingers, red and chapped, showed, as they pressed against the glass, the crinkled puffiness that comes from long immersion in hot water, and she stared through with a look of mingled fear, entreaty, and agony. At the glance which Vibert's indignation over McDowell's trickery sent in her direction, she started and cowered like one who had encountered that glance before; and when he turned to go she recovered herself, and flung her bosom and her hands against the pane as if bent upon breaking through and following him.

A moment later she appeared in the court. She had put on a shabby hat and a flimsy, faded shawl. She crossed over hastily, and approached the head of the elevator squad.

"The tall, dark man who just went out—you saw him?" she inquired, hurriedly. She spoke in two quick expulsions of the breath, and seemed left without a third.

"Um?" The man opposed his gold band and gilt buttons to her forlorn and bedraggled shabbiness. His brief inquiry, made without opening his lips, had the true official indifference, but it caused his questioner to feel some of the disadvantage that comes to a young woman from a public and impulsive inquiry after a young man.

"You saw him standing over there; he had a paper in his hand. Tell me, does he work in this building?" She was panting and all atremble, but she found breath for these words and will to use them.

"Yes, I saw him," the man answered, with the slow reluctance of his kind to be interested in individuals as individuals. "Used to work here, I believe. Haven't seem much of him lately."

"Where can I find him?"

The man turned towards the elevator; one had just that minute come down. "Chicago!" its youthful conductor had called, with an airy drawl.

"Pete," said his superior, "a tall, dark man who's been standing around here." He threw his thumb over towards the girl, to indicate that the inquiry was hers. "Had on a soft brown hat."

"Yes, I seen him," said the boy. "Used to be in one of them insurance offices, didn't he? Vibert—was that his name?"

"Vi—?"

"Vibert," said the man, impatiently. "Come, come, don't block the way—sev-en!" he cried, in his professional tone, and the boy at once slammed his door to and started roofwards.

The man retired into himself with a resumption of his air of idle dignity. The girl, at a short remove, stood looking at him with an anxious face. She made a timid attempt to approach him again, and presently stole away.

Vibert was followed down from McDowell's office, in the course of half an hour, by Ogden. McDowell's dissertation on tax matters, with its pointed presentation of extreme cases, had left him, as we have seen, in a state more or less stirred up; and it had occurred to him that if he were to stop on the way down he might find some legal sedative in the office of Freeze & Freeze. But the hour was now rather late. Freeze & Freeze were being locked up by the last of their junior clerks, and Ogden was left to ramble through the corridors in a confused and disconsolate state.

He was presently accosted by a young woman, who appeared to be roaming through the building in a state even more dazed and forlorn than his own. She approached him with appeal so plainly written on her features that his hand went instinctively to his pocket for the ready dime. He was used to addresses of this sort; Brower had told him many times that he was a "soft mark." He soon ascertained, however, that what she wanted was not alms, but information—an appeal which is more familiar still in the great downtown buildings; it comes frequently enough from simple, inexperienced creatures who know what they want, but not at all how to get it.

The girl thrust back a straggling lock, and gave him a wild and timid glance.

"Please, sir," she said, "do you know any one in this building named Vibert—in an insurance office?" She pronounced the name with an effort of overcoming its strangeness.

There was a certain primitiveness in her speech; it was provincial, rustic—a fine ear might have called it uncouth.

Ogden was struck with her plaintive "please, sir." He had never before heard that literary form of speech in actual use.

"Well," he said, with the unceremonious kindness proper to the occasion and person, "I think you can learn something about him in the office of the Vesuvian—next floor below."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" She made a movement suggestive of an abbreviated courtesy; it was as much in the way of acknowledgment as her sense of strangeness and confusion of mind appeared to permit.

"Not that way," called Ogden after her, adding a benevolent postscript: "Here; come along down these stairs with me; I'll show you where it is."

She stumbled after him down the marble steps with a heavy-footed clatter that could hardly have been expected from her slightness, and with a timorous hold on the bronze of the hand-rail.

"There," indicated Ogden; "the sixth door along, on the right. 'Vesuvian Fire Insurance Co.,' it says." And he himself continued an abstracted descent by the stairway.

His nearest way home lay through the court and out of the door that led into the asphalted alley. Just within the archway of this door two men stood. The one was Vibert, and the other was a dark young fellow of twenty or more, whom Ogden, by a brief glimmer of fancy, made out to be Brainard's younger son. Vibert was in the act of receiving a roll of bills from him.

The youth had a pinched and slender aspect; there was a furtive tremulousness in his hands; his eyes were reddish, and the pupils swam half hazily in a lucent humor.

"I didn't know, Mark, but what you'd gone back on me too," Vibert was saying to him. "If you'd managed to get around a little sooner you'd have saved a certain party from the grand razoo." He smiled grimly. "It's pretty close sailing—thirty, forty, forty-five"—he ran over the bills, rolled them up, and thrust them into his pocket.

The boy looked at him with some doubt and with a shade of fear. He seemed to have been fascinated and then dominated by the bigness and the hardihood of the other.

"It's all right, Mark," Vibert presently went on, with a dogged vagueness. "I'm his son too. Why wouldn't he give me a show? Why wouldn't he let me have a chance to show him what I am? Why did he go and shut down on me at the very start?"

"You!" cried the boy. "What can you expect, after the way he's treated me—his own son? They're up there now, I dare say"—with a bitter glance towards the corner of the Underground—"but they can never make things right with me. If it hadn't been for Abbie—she's about the only one that's turned a hand for me."

"Haven't I done well by you, too?—don't forget that. Well, you don't—'sh! I *say* you don't. Let the executors settle, and give 'em plenty to settle, too; they'll get enough for doing it." Vibert glanced up at the Underground windows. "He can't live forever." He brought his eyes back to the boy. "You've got to live yourself, though, and so have I. You've got some rights, haven't you?"

The boy did not accept this cue; perhaps he had already followed it more than once. He studied Vibert with eyes that seemed to indicate a change of thought.

"Say, Russ," he hinted, deprecatingly, "you're going to be a little more patient with Mayme?"

Vibert scowled. "Come, now, Marcus, that's all right; only don't let's have any preaching. What I like is a cheerful house—and an orderly one. Less sniffling and better meals. I guess you won't deny that, for a housekeeper, your sister is a good deal of a fizzle. She doesn't have to wash her own dishes, does she? And that girl I got her does the scrubbing and takes up the ashes, doesn't she? And we always take our dinners out, don't we? Well, then! I don't see what else we can do but go out altogether."

He drubbed his foot impatiently on the pavement.

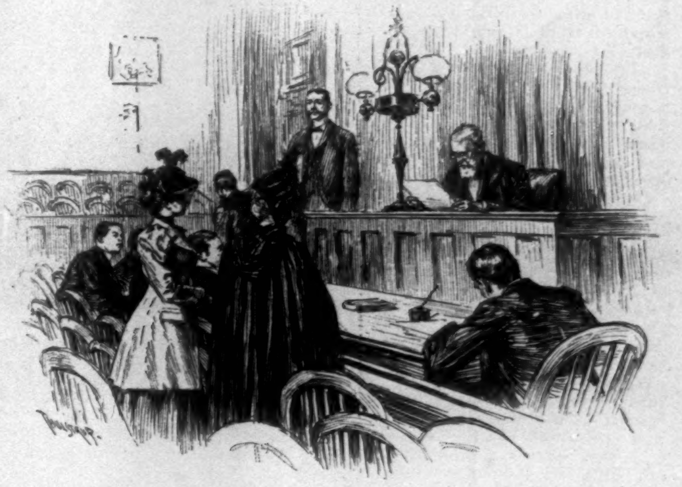
"Well, so 'long!" he said, carelessly, to his companion. "Better not take anything more this afternoon. Do I see you on the track to-morrow?"

Ogden, of course, heard next to nothing of this talk, and his own preoccupations left him no opportunity to scandalize over the relations between Vibert and the young woman of the corridors, even if his inclinations had run that way. But it need not be denied that so close a grouping of these various persons turned his thoughts in the direction of the Brainard household, and his feet later in the direction of the Brainard house. He had lately been cultivating a more sympathetic apprehension of Abbie Brainard's position; it seemed possible that an hour's talk would offer opportunity for the delicate insinuation of his friendly interest. He rehearsed a number of suitable phrases; they took felicitous advantage of remarks on her side—remarks which he himself constructed—and left her, as she thought them over, in no doubt of his feeling sense of her position and of his desire to make his sympathies known and operative. That all these pretty paces would have been gone through in the absence of the Valentines is by no means certain; but their presence excluded the least attempt to try them, and it was with lagging feet indeed that he made his late return home to Brower and "Monte Cristo."

XII.

Cornelia McNabb's campaign against the tenants of the Clifton proceeded apace. Such as pleased her fancy or promised advantage to her future she attacked one by one; she made quite a succession of engagements, dropping here and picking up there, until she reached the point where, for as many hours of the day as she chose, her time was occupied, and occupied to her taste. We have already seen her in the office of the Underground National, and we may now see her in the office of the Massachusetts Brass Company. She did good work within the limits she had set for herself; she was accurate and fairly rapid, and therefore was in considerable request.

"I'd a good deal rather work around like this," she expounded to Ogden one day, "than put in all my time in one place. Lots more variety, to begin with, and lots more pay. Most every one gives me half as much as I could get in any single office; and then I can skip around and have more of a show. You can talk about your rolling stone; that's all bosh."



"THE MATTER WAS ADJUSTED IN A SMALL AND COMPACT COURT-ROOM."

Cornelia was now doing a daily stint of an hour or so in the office of the Brass Company. This hour came in the middle of the forenoon, and the work was oftener performed under the severe eye of Mrs. Floyd than our young amanuensis could have wished. Mrs. Floyd's presence in the office had always been rather frequent, and her prejudice against female stenographers did not operate to make it any the less so. She bestowed considerable scrutiny on Cornelia, and Cornelia returned the interest in kind. She recognized in Mrs. Floyd one of the minor lights of "society," and she became more deeply indebted to her for points in costume, speech, and behavior than either perhaps realized.

Mrs. Floyd was generally accompanied by Miss Wilde. This provided Cornelia with a double course of instruction; she learned what to do and what to avoid.

Miss Wilde was generally accompanied by her hand-bag, and that receptacle was capable of an endless yield of documents calculated to irritate and perplex her brother-in-law. Mrs. Floyd encouraged this. Who, indeed, should take an interest in the affairs of her own sister if not her own husband?

One morning Ann produced a memorandum that stunned him. As he studied it she stood above him like the spirit of Bankruptcy.

"For Heaven's sake, Walworth, tell me what it means? Am I a ruined woman, or what?"

Floyd glanced at the sum total; the figures mounted high. "They *have* struck you pretty hard, that's a fact."

It was a bill for special assessments levied on the possessions of Ann E. Wilde in one of McDowell's subdivisions. Paving, so much; sewers and water-mains, so much; stone sidewalk, so much.

"And eighteen dollars and a half for a quarter of a lamp-post," wailed Ann. "Why, Walworth, I haven't got the money on hand for all this; I never anticipated such a thing."

"What's a quarter of a lamp-post good for?" asked her sister.

"I suppose the cost is levied on four property-owners," said her husband.

"And who's going to see by it when it's up?" asked the disconsolate investor. "Nobody ever goes past."

"Not this year, perhaps; but there'll be plenty next year.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1902.

You've no idea how the town is spreading about. Why don't you step up stairs and see McDowell?"

"Who starts these things going?" asked Ann. "Who fixes the amounts?"

"I guess it's done sometimes on the petition of other owners about—according to the frontage."

"And who's the principal owner all about there?" demanded Ann. "Ain't it McDowell himself?"

"Well, I don't suppose he's sold off very much yet."

"And so he's taxing me to make his own property more valuable. I like that. I'm glad I went to him. And your young Ogden—I suppose I can thank him for this."

"Good gracious, Ann; McDowell is taxed too. The town's growing, and all outlying property is subject to such things. And don't blame poor Ogden."

"What more can you expect, Ann, in such a half-baked place as this?" queried her sister.

"Go up and see McDowell," repeated Walworth. "He can tell you all about it—when it's payable, and how, and whether there's a rebate or anything." He passed the papers back to Ann with the definitive air that closes a matter. "Jessie didn't come home with you, then?" he inquired, turning towards his wife.

"No, poor thing; she is away down this morning. Why, what do you think, Walworth? They've been asking her if she can't testify."

"Testify fiddlesticks! What could she say? They don't need her; they've got a clear enough case as it is."

"But think of her in court!"

"Don't think of her in court. She may be a thousand miles away by the time the thing comes up. Has anything more been seen or heard of that interesting vocalist?"

"Nothing. He left the poor child all alone in that big place, with not three days' supplies and the—"

She looked sharply over towards Cornelia. The girl's hour was ended, but she had engaged in a pretence of tidying up the desk.

Ann creased her papers thoughtfully between her fingers. "I had no idea that curb-stones cost so much," she sighed. "If I had only sold out on that offer last month!"

Cornelia was now engaged in complicating her apron-strings. Her interest in the Underground people, while becoming no less professional, had become a good deal more personal. She would have given anything for a decent pretext to remain. It was hard indeed to tear herself away from this discussion of the affairs of Burton Brainard's sister.

"—and the gas turned off," Mrs. Floyd finished, as the door closed on the reluctant girl. "And that's the state Jessie found her in—everything just about as bad as it could be."

"Well, no," Floyd dissented, thoughtfully. "There's one important consolation — this suit could be brought."

"Oh, yes," answered his wife, quickly. "This Canadian woman doesn't claim to be his wife—only that she ought to be, and that he promised to make her so."

"Interesting family," murmured Walworth. "Should like to be related to 'em."

"She knew him in Toronto. She found him before she had been in town a week."

"Small world," remarked Walworth, negligently. He played with his pen-holders.

Mrs. Floyd became silent. Gossip seemed out of the question with an indifferent husband and a preoccupied sister.

Vibert's detection by the girl he had betrayed and discarded, and his desertion of his young wife, were immediately followed by the proper steps on the part of Brainard's attorneys. The old man had received the intelligence of Vibert's double misdeed with a tremendous outburst of wrath and vituperation. His indignation revived in him all the crude violence of his youth; he drew out from the disused corners of his memory such a vocabulary and such turns of phrase as are possible only to one whose boyhood has been spent on the crass and barbaric frontier. He towered and swayed like a rank plant that has sprung rapidly from the earth and has brought up the slime and mould on its sheath and stalk. His prodigal and picturesque indecencies were heard but half understandingly by his son, and were lost, as to everything save their animus, on his advisers.

The equilibrium of the scales (whose mathematical poise he had once proved to his own satisfaction) was now destroyed; this outrage on his daughter and himself and all his belongings put another and a different face on the matter. The girl was received back into her father's house. It was the understanding that she was to remain there until the legal undoing of all this mischief had been accomplished, and that, afterwards, she must prepare herself for an indefinite exile among certain of her father's relatives still resident in Centralia.

During this interval Brainard allowed himself only the minimum of communication with his daughter; her mother's fluttering sympathies were too tenuous and too faded to furnish anything very definite or vivid in the way of consolation; her brother did not readily abandon himself to the softer feelings—particularly when work of so much sterner character was before them; and but for her sister this crushed and unfortunate child would have received but slender support and comfort. Abbie was not only sister, but mother and family circle too; she found a use for all the pent-up tenderness and domesticity of her nature.

The bill in the case of Vibert *vs.* Vibert was filed without receiving any undue attention from the press. Some exertions were taken, some influence was used, and the matter merely made a cold, official, numerical appearance in the legal columns of such of the dailies as affect complete court reports. The relations between Vibert and Jane Doane, however, made too good a "story" to be ignored in every quarter; some brief mention of it appeared in a new and struggling one-cent evening paper. The friends and well-wishers of the Brainards were surprised by the extent of that paper's circulation—a good many people appeared to have seen it.

The case of Vibert *vs.* Vibert had its place near the head of a short docket and was reached with much less than the usual delay. It was tried quietly and privately rather late one afternoon at a sitting which might have been termed either a prolongation of the regular session or a supplement to it. Perhaps only a legal mind could have distinguished; probably the legal mind that dominated the occasion did not attempt the distinction.

The matter was adjusted in a small and compact court-room high up in a certain vast and pillared pile—a room which differed little in size and not greatly in furnishings from an ordinary office. The court reporters and the crowd of court loungers had withdrawn; nobody remained behind save the clerk and a bailiff or two. Yet the spectre of publicity seemed hovering there; it hurled a flood of glaring light in through the high and curtainless windows, it shimmered on the staring yellow oak furnishings of bench and bar, and it searched out the darkest corner of the yawning jury-box. Abbie Brainard, standing beside her sister, peopled all this void with jargoning lawyers and callous constables and malicious witnesses and indifferent jurymen and sharp-witted reporters and trivial, time-killing spectators; and then she set her unveiled sister in that revolving witness-chair, and brought to bear upon her the searching glare from the lofty windows and the more pitiless glare of the thousand-eyed crowd. She shuddered, and thanked Heaven—without going too deeply beneath the surface of things—that present conditions were so favorable.

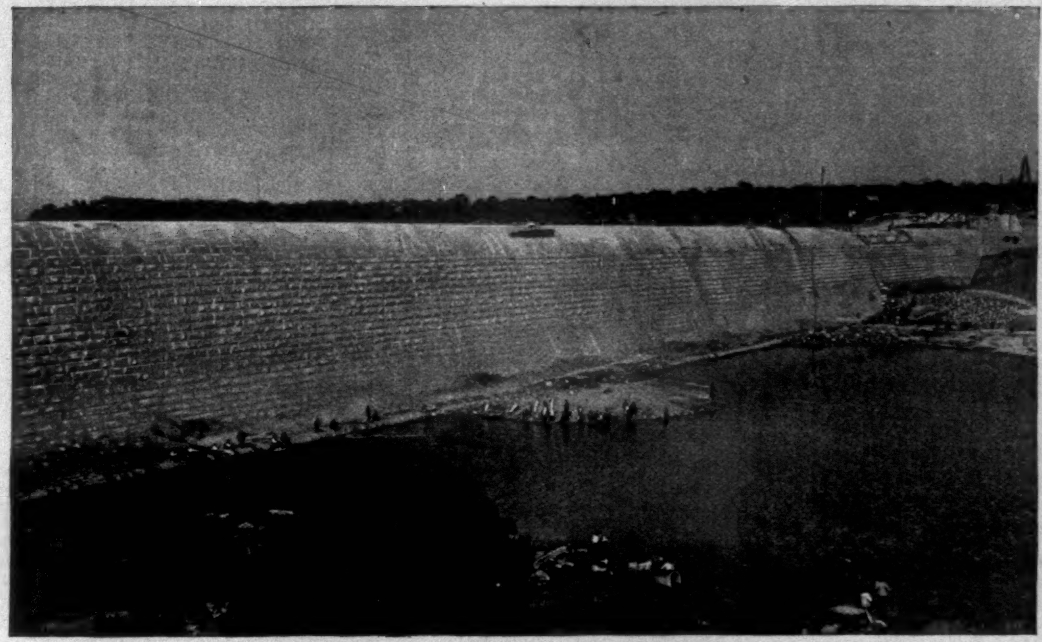
For they involved none of the ordinary phenomena of a "trial." There was no wrangling, no eloquence, no auditory; there was no humiliation—beyond that which was inevitable. It was hardly more than a conference. The judge, with a quiet gravity, took a simple conversational tone—a key-note to which the indignation of Burt, the mortification of his sister, the sorrow of Jane Doane, and the juvenility of Freddy Pratt all came to be attuned. There was a simple recital of uncombated facts, the separation was decreed, and Mary Vibert was presently at liberty to resume her maiden name. It was considered best that she be known henceforth as Mrs. Mary Brainard. There was no report in the next day's papers, nor the next; on the third day things took a different turn.

One or two of the newspapers had sacrificed the Vibert-Doane story with considerable reluctance. They felt a certain degree of martyrdom, too, in withholding their hand from Brainard, who had been a standard subject of attack throughout the careers of all the younger writers. Nor were they at all sure that their positions as guardians of the public morals justified any such suppression of the truth. They learned of the clandestine trial of the Vibert case, and that decided them. Their virtue was strengthened; the whole affair was reopened and thoroughly ventilated. The encroachments of wealth and privilege were held up before the alarmed eyes of the public; the entire episode, with everything leading up to it, was minutely rehearsed. A good many people were interviewed—a few who knew something of the circumstances, a good many who did not. Reportorial requisitions were also made on the bank and the house. Some persons contributed facts relating to the matter in hand; others, facts relating to matters whose connection was not so close; still others volunteered opinions on the method of procedure that made the trial noteworthy. "Vox Populi" and "Ruat Cœlum" wrote letters "to the editor." Rough cuts from sketches and photographs made their appearance. The whole career of Brainard was reviewed with merciless detail, and the issue of one edition of a particular publication was attended with the shouting of his name through the streets. Certain sheets whose existence is unknown to the majority of reputable people and whose circulation is in accordance therewith, gave their clients a scare-head full of exclamation points; and one pink publication, whose single connection with respectability is through the barber shops, devoted its whole front page to the illustration of the case: the wronged girl claimed her surpliced betrayer at the altar rail, while the equally wronged wife swooned in a front pew. There was an appropriate Gothic background, while one corner of the foreground—piquant touch of innocence—was filled in by an open-eyed choir-boy.

All these manifestations of public interest caused Ogden a keen personal distress that surprised him. He heard the names of Brainard and Vibert bawled in the streets. He became familiar, for the first time, with the salient points in Brainard's career. He heard himself referred to once or twice as a clerk in Brainard's bank. As he handled that pink sheet in the Clifton barber shop while awaiting his turn, he half expected some acquaintance to brand him as a caller at Brainard's house. As he lay, lathered and defenceless, in his chair, he almost dreaded lest some pitiless friend might happen in and stamp him as a suitor for the hand of Brainard's daughter. . . . He paused and blushed under the barber's eye; he saw now the reason for his personal distress over these odious domestic entanglements. His surprise passed away, but it left behind it a distress greater still.

"THE GIRL GAVE HIM A GLANCE WILD AND TIMID."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



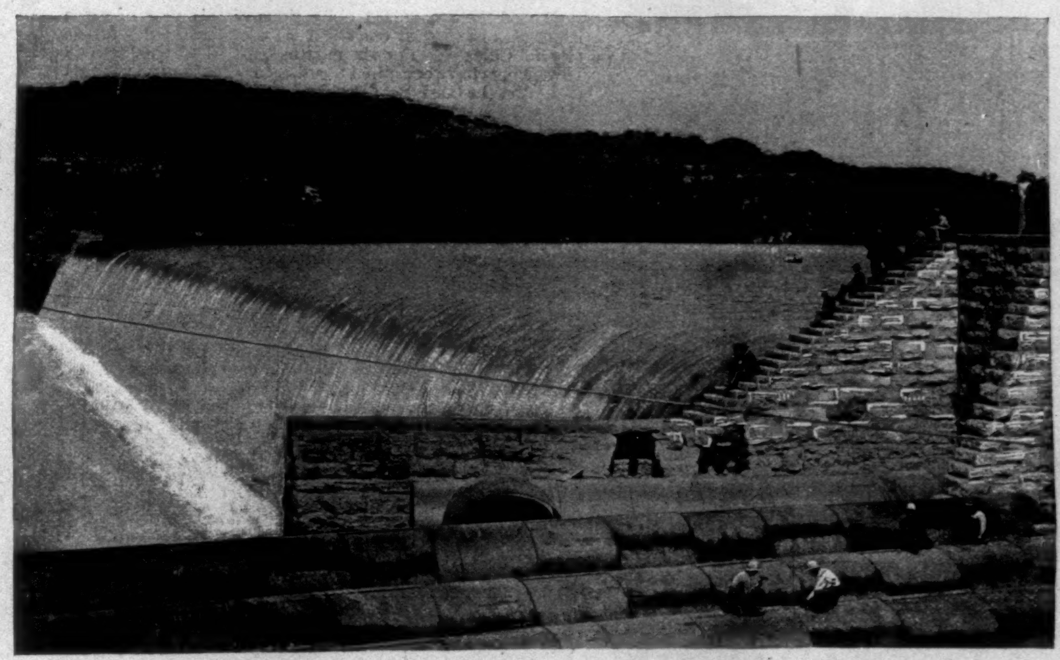
THE AUSTIN (TEXAS) DAM—VIEW WHILE IN PROCESS OF COMPLETION.—Photographed by Corner.

ENGINEERING TRIUMPHS IN TEXAS.

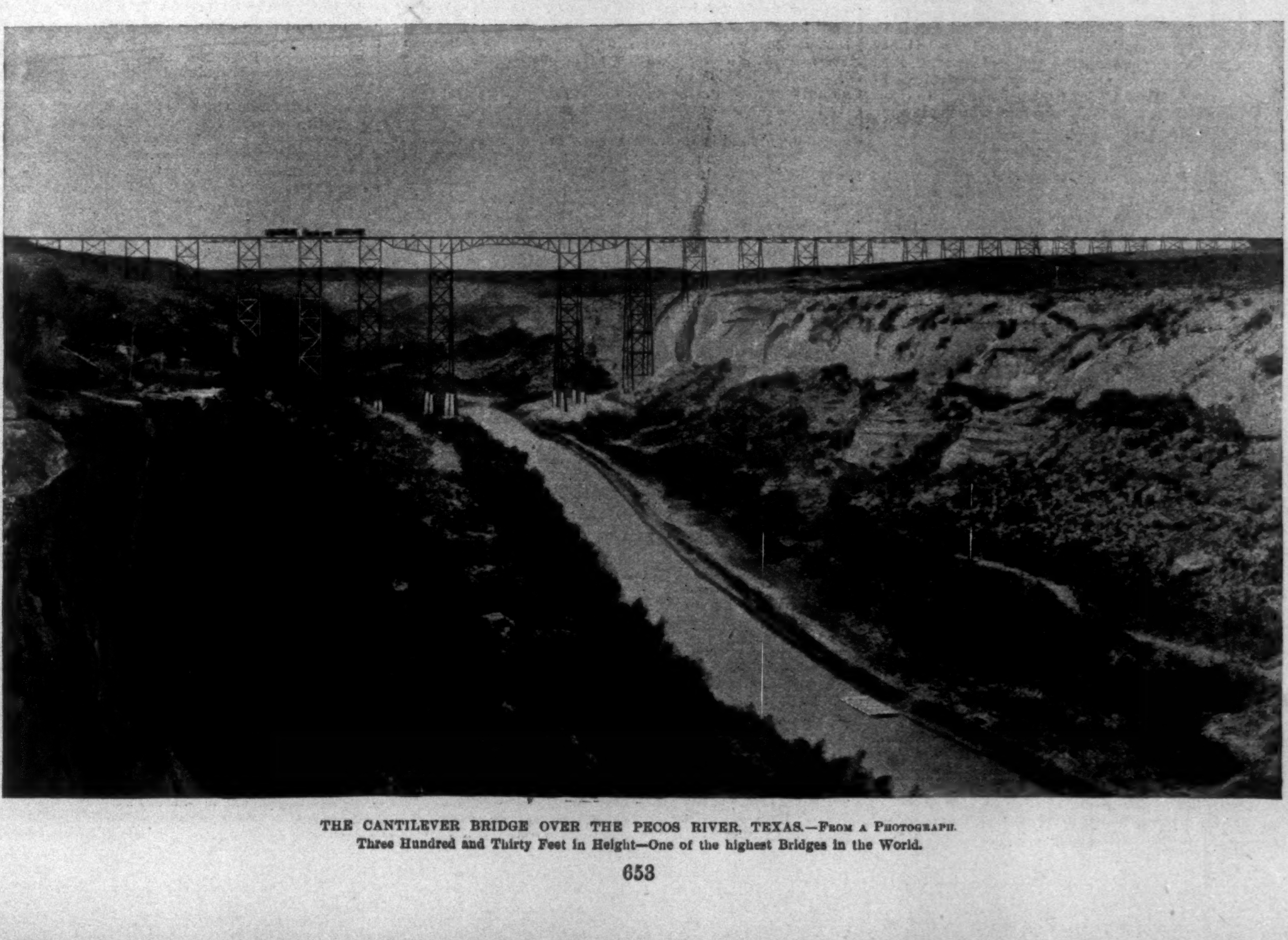
The dull and the ignorant among the Europeans have an idea that red Indians hunt buffaloes in the streets of New York; the dull and the ignorant among the people who live in the eastern parts of the United States have just about as correct ideas of Texas. Texas is a frontier of civilization; Texas is the home of the outlaw and the desperado; Texas prefers lynch-law to a more regular and slower procedure; Texas is a great and benighted wilderness peopled with rough riders, quick shooters, hard drinkers. These are some of the silly and erroneous ideas of narrow-minded people who stay close at home and cherish old notions because they have not capacity for new ones. But such notions do a serious injustice to the largest State in the Union, and to the public spirit and intelligence of a people whose efforts have secured to Texas a rate of progress in the accumulation of wealth and population and in advancement towards a high state of civilization second to no other in America. The State-house of Texas is one of the most notable public buildings in the whole country, and the University of Texas has such a princely endowment in lands that it is quite possible that it may some day be the greatest seat of learning in the Western world. When Austin shall have changed places with Boston and have become the modern Athens, probably more correct ideas will prevail in both places and in all that section lying between. But that is a long way off.

But in the mean time Austin, with her 26,000 population, is showing great public spirit in new enterprises, and a capacity to deal with large public improvements in a large way. Austin is on the Colorado River, which has hitherto flowed idly by the capital town without contributing anything worth mentioning to the city's wealth or prosperity. Whenever the people of an ambitious town wish to make that town expand to its proper dimensions they usually set their wits to work to see what can be done towards inducing capitalists to start manufactories—manufactories being regarded, and properly, too, as the base of urban wealth. All that Austin needed to make it a most profitable place for various kinds of manufactories was a good power, and there was the Colorado River flowing idly by. About five years ago a prominent citizen of Austin proposed to dam the Colorado, and thus get water-power, and also water for irrigating some 50,000 acres of land. Surveys and estimates were made, and then it was proposed that the people of Austin should form a company to build a dam, a canal, a power-house, and so forth. The estimate of first cost and annual income was so attractive—annual dividends of something like 30 per cent. being in prospect—that no one would subscribe for the stock, and the effort died.

But the dam advocates were not disheartened. They kept up the agitation, and secured the passage of an ordinance by which



HIGH WATER AT AUSTIN DAM, MAY, 1893.—Photographed by Corner.



THE CANTILEVER BRIDGE OVER THE PECOS RIVER, TEXAS.—From a Photograph.
Three Hundred and Thirty Feet in Height—One of the highest Bridges in the World.

the city issued $1,400,000 in five-per-cent. bonds for the purpose of damming the Colorado and giving the city both light and power. This dam has now been finished, and the available horse-power for sixty hours each week is 14,500. As the city only needs 5000 horse-power for its water and light plant, there is 9500 horse-power available for general manufacturing purposes. Mr. William Sellers, the distinguished mechanical engineer of Philadelphia, has estimated that every horse-power conveyed into or used in a factory should give employment to two operatives, so it will be seen that with this dam Austin has prepared, when the opportunity shall have been taken advantage of, for the employment in new establishments of 19,000 men. When Austin grows up to its water-power it will be a big place indeed.

This dam is 68 feet high, and 60 feet is above low water. It is 1150 feet long, 66 feet wide at the base, and 16 feet at the top. Both sides are faced with granite, the remainder being of limestone. The dam is securely anchored to the solid rock of the hills on either side of the river. The plans for this great dam were not carelessly made, but, on the contrary, the best engineers obtainable were called into consultation. The backwater made by the dam forms a magnificent lake some thirty miles in length and from a quarter to half a mile wide. On this body of water several steamers have been launched, and one of them, the *Ben-Hur*, can accommodate a great number of excursionists, as the steamer is 180 feet long. One interesting feature of this improvement is worthy of note. On the question of issuing bonds only tax-payers could vote. When this vote was canvassed it was found that out of 1404 ballots cast only 50 were against the issue of bonds.

Another great engineering work recently completed in Texas is the very high cantilever bridge over the Pecos River. This bridge, some 330 feet high, while not the highest in the world, is one of the highest, and at the same time one of the most considerable railroad structures ever erected. When the engineers locating that part of the Southern Pacific Railroad came to the Pecos River, they wanted to go directly across with a bridge; but more timid counsels prevailed, and instead of taking a flying leap over a cañon more than 300 feet deep, it was decided to make a detour of 25 miles by way of the Rio Grande. This was eleven or twelve years ago. This longer route, though the curves were sharp and the grades steep, was expensive to build and maintain, and more expensive to operate. It was a heavy tax on through freight, and several years ago it was decided to take the flying leap of the Pecos, and thus avoid the grades and curves and longer haul. The Phœnix Bridge Company did the work. The entire length of the bridge is 2180 feet from abutment to abutment. There are two cantilevers 172 feet 6 inches long each, and one suspended lattice-girder span of 80 feet. This suspended span is hung between the two cantilever spans on eight massive bars, and expansion spaces are left at each end of several inches where it should join the cantilevers. The intense heat of the summer sun makes this space for expansion a necessity. In addition to these spans there are eight lattice spans of 65 feet each, one plate-girder span of 45 feet, eighteen plate-girder spans of 35 feet each, and sixteen plate-girder spans of 35 feet each. The width of the floor of the completed span is 25 feet, part of which is taken up by a walkway on either side of the single track. The bridge has a factor of safety of five; that is, it has a sufficient strength to bear five times the pressure made by a continuous train of the heaviest modern locomotives moving over it. From the ground at the bottom of the cañon and on the banks of the river the bridge looks like a slender lattice-work, but it is really, as will be seen from the above statement as to its strength, a very solid and stable structure.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The Hoosiers loomed up strong in verse at Cambridge this year. What Mr. Maurice Thompson said to the Phi Beta Kappa men has not at this writing transpired, but the class-day poet, Mr. William Vaughn Stoy Moody, is a Hoosier too, since the catalogue accredits him to Lafayette, Indiana. There was a new sensation (for one reader at least) in his graceful verses. The poet permitted himself to discover across the Styx the spirits of "the men who made our college strong" by song and speech. "Longfellow with the blossomed hair," he saw, Emerson, Phillips, Lowell, and—here the sensation came—and Brooks. It gave one a little start to find Phillips Brooks in the front rank of Harvard's immortals. His title is clear, that can never be in dispute, but so little is one used yet to think of him as among the immortals that to find him for the first time in his place with the laurel-crowned elders was startling enough to make one stop and think, and say, "To be sure."

Whether his kinsman, Wendell Phillips, is entitled to be classed in the company where Mr. Moody has put him affords matter for a very pretty dispute. The poet describes him as "Phillips whose voice was like a scourge of knotted hemp and linked steel." He had that sort of voice, it is true. It was not a *vox et præterea nihil* either, but whether the voice was backed by the qualities that entitle its owner to keep company in the spirit land with Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Phillips Brooks is fairly a question for the historian. If the late Mr. Thomas Carlyle had had the making of that list, Mr. Phillips would scarcely have got into it.

Whether "blossomed" is an adjective that would fit anybody's hair excepting Mr. Paderewski's is another question that Mr. Moody suggests. Blossoms are usually white, and Mr. Longfellow's hair was beautifully white and poetical. But somehow "blossomed" suggests a fertilization of the scalp by somebody's "restorer," which has stirred it up to a phenomenal burst of capillary development. It may be mere captious irreverence that whispers that it would have been worth a dime at any time to see a man with blossomed hair. If it is, this critic is open to rebuke. Be it added, though, that if the "blossomed hair" is funny enough to be a blemish, it is a blemish on a poem that is good enough to be worth critical reading, and a class poem that is as good as that is a very good class poem.

Another blood-curdling illustration of the danger of learning to write while still too young to know what not to say appears in the pitiable case of Judge Terrell, of Texas, the new minister to Turkey. The Houston *Herald*, which is dissatisfied with his appointment, by way of a send-off has unburied on him a poem which it seems that he composed at an age of legal but not of poetical responsibility. It is in praise of John Wilkes Booth, and especially of the exploit which led to his early death, and is an exceptionally impassioned and candid composition. It is no secret that young men can write incredibly foolish things, especially in verse, and yet come to years of true discretion. The boy, to be sure, is father to the man, but too often in after-years his offspring finds reason to regard him with feelings the reverse of filial. Judge Terrell will have the sympathy of the wiser part of the community for having to suffer in mature years from the folly of a parent. It may comfort him to know that some very great and very good men have been in almost as bad a scrape as his, and that Lincoln himself left behind some early literature that is far from edifying. If he needs further solace, he may find it in the reflection that he is going to Turkey, where the American language is little known, and where the bulk of the population cannot read.

The Bartholdi Crèche desires to be commended to the benevolent dispositions of the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY. It was started in 1886 to provide fresh air in the summer months for poor children whose mothers cannot leave their homes to stay over a night or even all day at any of the more distant fresh-air resorts. It began with a tent on Bedlows Island, and has since come to the proprietorship of a cottage suited to its work on the west shore of Randalls Island, a place not too far distant for a mother to go to at a moment's notice with a sick child. A ferry crosses to the island from the foot of East 120th Street hourly from nine to four. The crèche was started at the instigation of the Charity Organization Society by representatives of the *Tribune* Fresh-Air Fund, the Children's Aid Society, and six other well-known organizations. It "handles" from 2500 to 3000 mothers and children every summer, and does them great good. It needs money for its work, of course, and its treasurer is Charles D. Kellogg, United Charities Building, 105 East Twenty-second Street.

One of the recognized obligations of this year of grace has been to acquaint one's self with characteristics of the city of Chicago. For six months past the magazines and newspapers have conspired together to provide means to that end. Yet the tale is not all told. More of it is unfolding week by week in the narrative of the "Cliff-Dwellers," in this journal, and more and still more in the letters and despatches of all the correspondents and artists who are looking after the fair.

But whatever you have seen or read, don't imagine that you know much about Chicago until you possess the information which Mr. Julian Ralph has imparted in the July number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE about "Chicago's Gentle Side." Mr. Ralph's article is in the nature of an apology. He has written much and well before about Chicago, but he says that all that was merely about men and business. This new article is the record of his later discoveries, and concerns the labors and the recreations of the Chicago women. It seems that there is an institution out there called the Woman's Club, which has some five hundred members, organized in six divisions, for the direction of energy into channels relating respectively to Reform, Philanthropy, Education, Home, Art and Literature, and Science and Philosophy. After you have got an inkling of the manner of club it is, and of the amount and quality of the work it has done, a confusion will arise in your mind compelling you to stop and try to remember whether Mr. Ralph said that the Woman's Club was started in Chicago or that Chicago was started in the Woman's Club. It is impossible even to outline the achievements of the members of that club in a paragraph; but be sure that your conception of the powers and possibilities of the American woman of this decade will be faulty and incomplete until you have informed yourself as to what she is and what she has done in Chicago.

In his disquisition in HARPER'S MONTHLY on "The Function of Slang," Professor Brander Matthews touches upon "clipped words," showing that some, as *mob* and *cab*, gain an entrance into respectable society, and others, as *gent* and *pants*, languish somewhat exuberantly outside the pale. *Advertisement* is a very long word that one is loath to write out, and which holds a latent opportunity for mispronunciation in the bargain. Is there any hope for *ad?* Undoubtedly it is a vulgar-sounding little word, and yet it is most short and handy. It prevails in trade without possibility of abatement, and is so much needed in polite life that unless the bars can be let down for it, some other short word should be invented to take its place.

The one social topic in England this week will be the royal marriage. The English papers have talked about it by the column length for a month past, and the gossip of it now will be measured by the page. It will be a great show, and London will fairly stand on its head until it is over. But let us not scoff at our cousins. New York had a marriage in high life this spring, and paid enough attention to it to have a fellow-feeling for the Londoners.

Six or seven years ago an American President got married while in office. If some of the newspapers which tried to publish "the news" of that marriage will now pay attention to the treatment of Prince George and his bride by the English journals, it is possible that they may get some "points" on newspaper manners which may turn out to be of value to them in their business.

E. S. MARTIN.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

MR. PETERS OF SCHOHARIE'S FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

My friends and feller-citizens, I'm glad to see ye here,
Upon this great an' glorious day that comes but once a year,
To shout for them as fit an' bled a hundred years ago
To free the land from foreigners, repel th' invadin' foe.

But, friends and feller-citizens, the work is far from done.
Don't sleep upon those laurels that your ancestors have won.
For if ye do ye'll wake to find the dawnin' of the day
When all the laurels that ye've got ain't wuth a wisp o' hay.

For while ye sleep an' dream o' them that fought in days of yore,
The foreigners is sneakin' back and swarmin' through your door,
An' where the heroes of the day drove *one* acrost the sea,
A thousand of 'em's comin' back—an' breathin' anarchy.

Now Heav'n forbid that I should stand upon this platform here
An' cast on any honest man an undeservèd sneer.
This country's for all men who'll come and do their share of work,
But we've no room for them as think to come here just to shirk.

No man who works is foreign. No! Not even if he be
A Russian or Bulgarian, Egyptian or Chinee.
It makes no difference where he's from as long as he will toil.
This is the land for him and his; he's welcome to the soil.

By foreigners I mean the men that have no business here
Except to stir up passions, an' then drown 'em out in beer;
Who leave their native land because it's fully understood
There's nothin' better they can do for that there country's good.

They bring their vices to our land; they bring their microbes too.
They won't go to the open where there's lots of work to do,
But stick around the cities, and kick up a yearly muss,
Because the lazy do not thrive like the industrious.

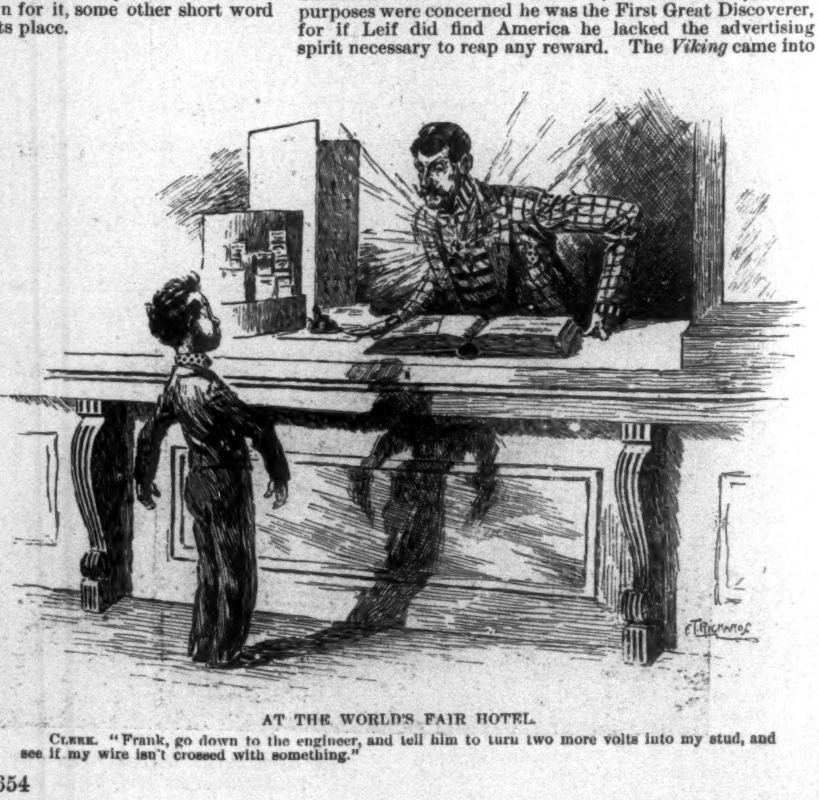
These are the enemies, my friends, we've got to look out for.
We've got a problem on our hands—a problem big and sore;
And on a day like this, I think, Americans should wake,
And think of all the things they've won, and what is yet at stake.

For if they don't, the day will come when all the victories
We've celebrated here to-day ain't wuth a pod o' pease;
When this fine government we've got will lie beneath the thumb
Of shiftless, shirking, anarchistic, European scum.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE "VIKING" CAPTAIN AND HIS CREW.

ALTHOUGH the claim that Leif Ericsson knew of these Western shores long before Columbus came into existence is not proved to the satisfaction of everybody, yet the fact that it was possible for a Norseman to make the voyage across the Atlantic has been amply demonstrated. The modern *Viking* has, in this year of 1893, accomplished the voyage between Christiania and New York in safety, and great is the credit due the hardy captain and crew. The manes of Columbus need not lament the fact, for as far as all practical purposes were concerned he was the First Great Discoverer, for if Leif did find America he lacked the advertising spirit necessary to reap any reward. The *Viking* came into



AT THE WORLD'S FAIR HOTEL.

CLERK. "Frank, go down to the engineer, and tell him to turn two more volts into my stud, and see if my wire isn't crossed with something."

New York Harbor, through Long Island Sound, on June 17th, and was enthusiastically received by yacht, tug, and war-ship, and everything else afloat and ashore. Captain Magnus Andersen and his hardy Norsemen were congratulated and praised, and regarded with not a little awe by some people who know what the Atlantic really is. There was a curious commingling of ancient and modern in the scene—the quaint little vessel, trim and beautiful, flying the viking flag of old, the banners of Sweden and Norway, and the stars and stripes of this new-made republic. Mayor Gilroy of New York received the sailors at City Hall, and entertained them as guests of the city, but the greatest reception was that given to them by the unofficial public. They would have swarmed over the rails like pirates on a friendly visit, but for the fact that the *Viking* is limited in space. Everybody that could get aboard, however, did so, and everybody did his best to extend a welcome to the foreign visitors. King Oscar of Sweden and Norway sent a congratulatory cable to Captain Andersen and his men, and they in turn sent back their thanks to his Majesty. The *Viking* sailed about the river and bay to show people how she looked under way, and on June 26th started for Chicago, carrying with her an additional crew of college graduates, who were to help work the ship.

THE FERRIS WHEEL.

Now that it is finished, the great Ferris wheel, to which reference has been previously made in this paper, is the landmark of the World's Fair in Jackson Park. Whether the visitor approaches the fair from the lake or by the Illinois Central Railway, the huge wheel is about the first thing to catch the eye. The top of the wheel is 265 feet above the ground, as the wheel itself is 250 in diameter and the bottom of it is 15 feet above-ground. This huge plaything, a gigantic merry-go-round running vertically instead of horizontally, is a splendid point of observation, from which a visitor can take bearings and arrange plans for seeing the fair. The wheel is something like 825 feet in circumference, and as it requires ten minutes for each revolution, the passengers have plenty of time in which to see what lies about them. As the wheel ascends, a better view may be had of Chicago and the prairies beyond than from any of the tall buildings in town; and as the wheel descends, there is the fair—the White City—stretched in front, the lake beyond, and the busy Midway Plaisance right underneath. There are thirty-six cars attached to the periphery of the wheel, the attachment being by an axle in the top of the car, which, swinging freely and having its weight at the bottom, always remains parallel with the earth. As each car holds forty, the total capacity of the wheel is 1440 passengers.

Candor compels the confession that one does not step into the cars of the wheel without some trepidation. It is an engineering novelty. Nothing like it was ever built or attempted before. After paying his admission fee at the entrance gate he is ushered up the platform and steps into the nearest car, swinging by its great trunnion-pin between the two rims of the wheels. The car is substantially built, neatly upholstered, and roomy. The passenger no sooner enters it than tremors creep over him. But there is a feeling of reassurance when he recalls the stability of the structure, the cog-wheels and air-brakes, and other provisions against accidents.

Slowly, steadily, with a motion that tells of an immense hidden power, the great wheel begins its revolution. Inch by inch and foot by foot the car gradually rises clear of the platform. Above and below is a wonderful net-work of steel spokes and other cars by the dozen. The passenger has a soaring sensation. Things on the earth seem to be slipping away from him as with imperceptible motion he rises above them. Upward and outward the motion continues, until the extreme western point of the wheel on a level with its immense hubs is reached, and then as the trip continues the splendid panorama of the fair is unfolded.

The axle upon which the wheel revolves is the largest piece of steel ever forged. It is 33 inches in diameter, 45 feet long, and weighs 56 tons. The hoisting of this great mass into place was very difficult.

THE "FALCON."

THE interest attending the final departure of Lieutenant Peary from the port of Philadelphia has been greatly augmented by the presence of the sturdy steamer *Falcon*, now under way for the ocean of the North with the *personnel* of the expedition.

Its arrival in Philadelphia, the home of the Northern exploration plan, was the occasion of a river reception, and since its docking visitors averaging two thousand daily, charged twenty-five cents each, have climbed its gang-plank, which means a considerable swelling of the exchequer of the expedition.

Naturally the first thought suggesting itself when reviewing the *Falcon* is, how does she compare with the steamer *Kite*, which made former trips?

The dimensions of the *Falcon* are 160 feet over all, a beam 26½ feet, and a hold 17 feet and some inches. In comparison, the *Kite's* length over all was 117 feet, a beam 26 feet, and a depth of hold 13 feet.

The gross tonnage of the *Falcon* is 458, and her horse-power is 80, while that of the *Kite* was only 190 tonnage and 50 horse-power.

The bark-rigged steam-sealer *Falcon* is the recognized "crack" steamer and sailer of the Atlantic sealing fleet. In appearance she looks the typical pirate of boyish imagination—save for the black smoke-stack—with her dark hull and storm-stained rigging. Last fall she was thoroughly overhauled from main-truck to keelson, and just before her departure from St. Johns, following her sealing-record cruise of the spring, she was again put in fit condition for her arctic voyage.

One peculiar feature of her equipment is the double-bladed whaling propeller. This is so arranged that should it be in danger of being nipped in the ice, its blades could be safely placed vertically in line with the stern-post. The attachment of the propeller to the shaft is so adjusted that in case of accident it can be hoisted on deck through a trap in the stern, and another propeller substituted.

Though the external appearance suggests little of beauty, her model is pronounced by experts to be the type best suited for a venture to northern Greenland. During the steamer's stay in Philadelphia material for Lieutenant Peary's northern home has been taken aboard, together with the eight burros, the sleds, dogs, carrier-pigeons, miscellaneous equipment, and stores. The stop at New York is intended to secure provisions and several tons of pemican, a peculiarly cured meat. Considerable interest attaches to the character of the commander of the *Falcon*, Captain Henry Bartlett, a man not yet twenty-nine years of age, who comes from a famous family of sealers, and whose personal record in Northern waters the past two years has justly won for him the spurs fitting a man for such an honorable command. At the age of fourteen Bartlett's first sealing trip was made, and in three years from that time he was elevated to the position of chief officer of the sealing steamer *Panther*. His experience since has not been confined to Northern waters alone, for he has captained a steamer carrying a cargo of fish to the Mediterranean. Captain Bartlett stands nearly six feet high, and is of a muscular type. His countenance is honest, and his disposition genial. As a navigator he is cautious and capable, and, without a doubt, Lieutenant Peary will find in him a worthy successor to the late Captain Pike.

HENRY RUSSELL WRAY.

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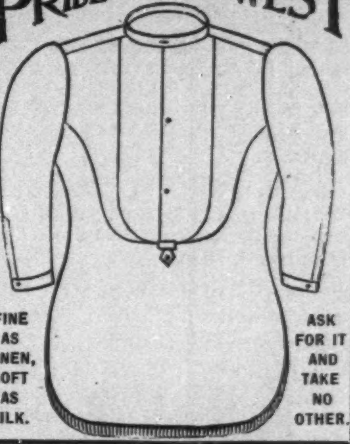

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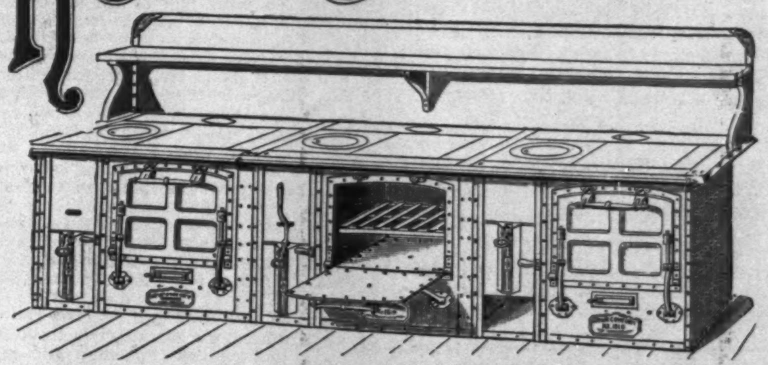

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CURING DRUNKENNESS.

ALL well-meaning men and women are agreed that the world could have no greater boon than a cure for drunkenness and other forms of intemperance. Dr. Keeley, of Dwight, in Illinois, announced several years ago that by using an injection of bichloride of gold hypodermically, and with the aid of other medicines taken internally, he could cure both the liquor and opium habits however confirmed these habits were. There are few persons with a circle of acquaintances so small that within it there is not at least one who has tried this Keeley cure. This fact, however, has not removed all scepticism as to the efficacy of the Keeley treatment, for from first to last the regular medical practitioners have jeered at Keeley's pretensions as those of a quack, and then there have been conspicuous instances where the cure has not been at all permanent. And then again there is that natural feeling of doubt in anything which seems almost miraculous in its effects, while this is aggravated by the distrust of any member of a learned profession who will abandon the teachings and ethics of his profession, and consequently association with his professional brethren, for the sake of personal gain. But, on the other hand, there have been so many instances of apparent cures of hopeless drunkards by this gold treatment, that it will not do to merely scoff at it. It must be treated with respect even though it be irregular, and not be judged except according to the good or the evil that it does. Mr. Medill, the editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, was Dr. Keeley's most conspicuous sponsor, and he, an entirely disinterested man, is as firm in his belief as he ever was. Indeed, I could find no newspaper man in Chicago, during a recent visit to that city, who was not confident that the Keeley cure for drunkenness had enabled very many men of loose and unsteady habits to resume orderly and sober lives. There is direct evidence and speculative evidence; against the former the latter always fails. If we see a formerly broken man restored to sobriety and health through a certain method of treatment, we are much inclined to believe in that treatment no matter what the gentlemen of the medical schools may say to the contrary.

The discussions in the public press as to the efficacy of the Keeley cure have encouraged other physicians and chemists to experiment with the salts of gold in the treatment of the intemperate and habitual use of liquor and opium. Quite recently attention was attracted to one of these gold cures by the announcement that a well-known theatrical manager and "man-about-town" of notoriously convivial habits had taken this treatment, and had been cured by it. This announcement came in the form of a frank though enthusiastic letter from the person alluded to. He made a public confession of his intemperance and his restoration to self-control, he said, in the hope "of inspiring with confidence hundreds whom I know and thousands who know me, and to save them from being a disgrace to those who love them." I visited the institution where this man thinks he was cured and talked with physicians and patients there. Both medical men and patients were enthusiastic—the former to a degree so unrestrained that it weakened belief rather than it removed doubts, and the latter with a fervor rarely seen except in emotional persons under great religious excitement. The medical men were absolutely "cock-sure" of their ability with their nostrum to cure both drunkards and opium eaters; the cured patients feel it their duty to bear testimony to the unfailing ability of the doctors and the potency of their drugs. The temper of those in this Empire Institute was curious, to say the least, and irresistibly suggested a meeting of the Salvation Army.

There is one advantage of this treatment that is well worthy of consideration. A man does not absolutely have to give up his business or leave his work to take it if there be a branch of the institution near enough for the patient to go there at four stated times each day. As inebriates are notoriously short of cash, this is a consideration of importance. The treatment lasts four weeks, and four times each day some of this nostrum, said to contain a salt of gold, is hypodermically injected into the arm of the patient, who also takes internally a small quantity of another mixture at short intervals. This treatment, it is claimed, takes away the appetite and desire for either whiskey or opium.

The physicians of the institutions say that in all alcoholic liquors there are certain indigestible poisons that remain in the stomach. These poisons get the stomach in such a condition that it craves drink either at longer or shorter intervals, and hence the owner of that stomach becomes either a periodical or habitual drunkard. Now these physicians say that their nostrum is a specific for the removal of these poisons, which being got rid of, the craving for drink passes away. They are perfectly frank in saying that the cure will not prevent a man from becoming a drunkard again, but to do so he will have to cultivate his habits and tastes over again—that is, he will not resume, but must begin anew. This is the reason, they say, that men who take the gold cure and begin to drink again so quickly come to grief, for after the treatment, however much of a toper a man may have been, his capacity is no greater than that of a person who had never drunk liquor in his life.

The fact that every man who is taking the gold cure, or who has taken it, talks so freely on the subject was explained in this way: When a man finds that liquor is getting the better of him, he knows the fact more certainly than any one else. He fights against it every day, but is so steadily overcome in the contest that he loses confidence in himself. He conceals as well as he may this distrust of himself, but all the while he gets more under subjection. Then he takes the gold cure, and finds that he is less and less the subject; then he realizes that he is the master, and a man once more, with all that that implies. He feels like a prisoner freed from bondage; like a bird released from captivity. He is therefore enthusiastic, and out of his gladness he speaks to all who will listen to him. This explanation was given to me in answer to an inquiry, for I have noticed this absence of restraint on the part of those who have been to either one of the Keeley or one of the Empire institutes. Men that I did not know at all well, and of whose unhappy habits I was entirely ignorant, have spoken to me of having taken the gold cure for drunkenness with the same freedom that a casual acquaintance would speak of having recovered from an attack of the grip. Hitherto I have half believed that this lack of restraint was due to some weakening effect that the gold cure had on the mind, but I shall adopt the theory of the medical men I have quoted in the future. And in the future also I shall think and speak with due respect of these dispensers of the gold cure, even though their methods and their manners are sadly suggestive of charlatanry. To rescue one man from the drunkard's fate is a better thing than to be irreproachably good form, according to the strictest code of ethics, and do nothing.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

A QUEER NEW YORK STREET.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

VESEY STREET was, in all probability, never mentioned in a list of "the sights" of New York, and yet it should rank high among them. Next to the Bowery, the most peculiar street in America, it interests us as a unique thoroughfare. It is the street at the lower end of the Astor House, between that hotel and St. Paul's Church, and it leads down only four blocks to the North River, alongside of Washington Market, the chief one of our food depots. It is a very old street, but no one would suspect it from its appearance. I have seen it, called "Veseys Street," on a map of the city of the year 1763, and have read of the barricades at the head of it in 1776, and of the fierce work of the citizens as they stood in it trying to save St. Paul's Church from the fire which had already destroyed Trinity Church when Lord Howe was in possession. And yet it is a wide and serviceable street, like most of our new ones uptown.

There is nothing peculiar about the first of its four blocks, except that one side is open to the trees and grass and graves of the ancient yard of St. Paul's, but with the beginning of the second block the bazarlike character of the street begins with a great tea store on one side, and on the other a shop for the sale of hardware, tools, and all the odds and ends of the most varied metal-workings that can be imagined. There are other such stores in the street, where files and saws and scissors, picture-hooks, rat-traps, dish-pans, bird-cages, screw-drivers, gimlets, and literally thousands of things useful to all householders, are to be had, for some mysterious reason, cheaper than in other places. These are offshoots of the great market at the foot of the street. Its influence is seen to work in many ways, some of which are peculiar. It is comprehensible and logical that Vesey Street should be the only downtown street containing tea stores, grocers' shops, house-furnishing stores, and even a number of stocks of vinegar and mustard pickles displayed at the mouths of gaping cellars. This is all part of the market, and part of a general desire of the people who go a-marketing to do all their shopping at once in the same neighborhood while they are about it. For that reason Greenwich Street above and below Vesey has remained a shopping street for fifty years.

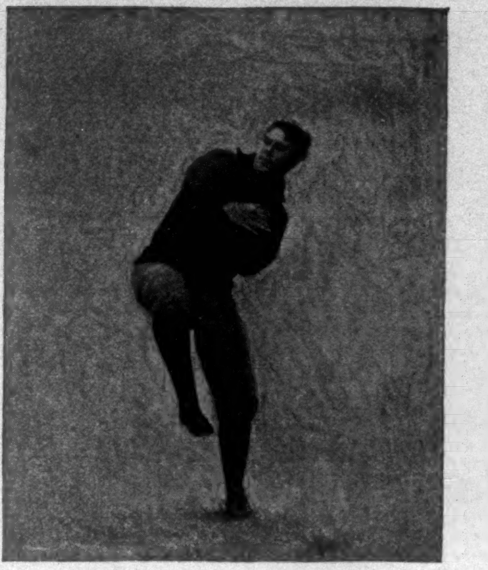
The New York people who go to the market do not shop in this district, but in the crowds among the butchers' stalls are thousands of Jersey folk and Long-Islanders, many of them from little villages, and many who have always shopped in this region and know of no other or better stores in New York. Their presence accounts for the dry-goods, drug, jewelry, gentlemen's furnishing, and stationery and hat and boot stores that are miles from the great shopping districts of the town. But why Vesey Street should have become the seat of a trade in cheap fishing-tackle is not so easy to understand. Is it supposable that the housewives and servants, the hotel stewards and the chop-house-keepers, who go to the market to buy food, are addicted to fishing, and with such enthusiasm that they can only be got to attend to business because they here remain in the beloved presence and atmosphere of "flies" and "snells" and split bamboo poles? And why should the men who make syrups and cordials establish their headquarters in this street? It is true that they are near their base of supplies of the fruit which they squeeze or stew into syrups and flavors, but, on the other hand, they sell their goods to soda-water dealers and candy-makers, and nothing else is in the street to attract their customers.

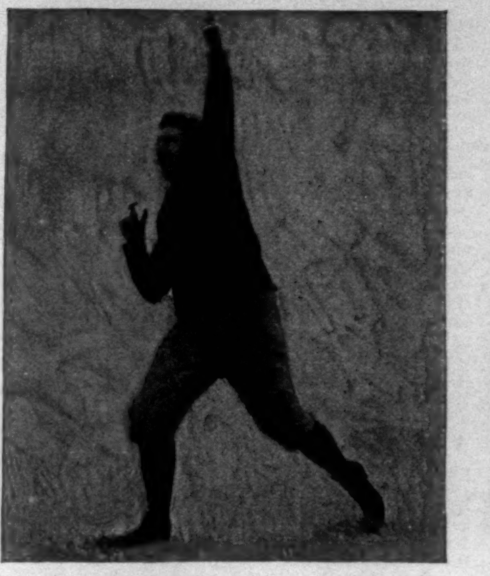
Whoever looks along Vesey Street on most days of the week will see that the wagons of the suburban farmers and truck-gardeners are standing in long lines beside the curbs, just as if New York were a little village with a perpetual market-day. It is as if these farmers got into the habit of coming to town when the city was a Dutch settlement, and have been coming ever since. They come into London and Paris in the same fashion, I noticed when I was in Europe, creaking and rumbling over the stones long after midnight, with a lantern swinging under each wagon, and with the men and women half asleep up above, and the horses apparently sleep-walking ahead. These big cities still keep up a great deal that is in common with their ancient juvenile conditions, after all, and Nicholas Conover, of Bayside, Long Island, does not know that there is very much difference between the city he drives into and the city where his grandfather, whose name was then spelled Cowenhoeven, used to sell the farm stuff.

I think those farm wagons are as picturesque as anything we know of in New York. I have seen them rumbling up to the market all covered over with white canvas, with the ears of corn and heads of cabbage peeping out behind, and the hoods and jockey hats of the women peering above a blanket up in front beside the driver. That would be at midnight. Then at four or five o'clock in the morning I have seen the retail grocers haul up alongside the farm carts in their smart wagons, and buy the green stuff with much chaff and chaffering. Again, at the middle of the forenoon, I have seen the farm wagons nearly empty, and the farmers taking life easy. The rosy-faced daughter would be knitting, the shapeless dowdy mother would be gossiping with the sidewalk merchant-women, and the lordly farmer himself would saunter out of a beer saloon with a pipe in one hand and a sandwich in the other. Last of all, I have seen the wagons haul up in front of the farm-houses in Hackensack and outer Flatbush, and I have been surprised to notice what fine houses and broad acres these people hailed from—these biweekly ferrymen, these navigators of our vegetable schooners.

For the benefit of the people of these caravans there has grown up one of the very strangest sorts of storekeepers. The farmers line the curbs; the merchants line the pavements. They appear to sell nearly everything, and it is all cheap, and heaped about in contemptuous disorder. A great deal of the clothing is second-hand stuff for the hired hands, male and female, who ride on certain of the wagons and almost live their lives there, eating, sleeping, and falling in love—all but marrying and having families on the wheels. Some of the clothing merchants keep shops, but others simply preside over heaps of raiment piled in the doorways or on the gratings before the buildings. How anybody is ever fitted or ever tries on a coat or gown passes my knowledge. I have a suspicion, though, that bothering about "the fit" of clothes is regarded as vain and frivolous. Here, also, are very fat, red, and leathery women with their heads done up in scarlet worsted comforters, selling stockings, underclothing, and the like. Men sell the suspenders and shoe-laces, the shirt collars, and the collar buttons, for each sex keeps to its own, in the main. Traders with nothing but tables in lieu of shops sell gorgeous chromos in pressed-paper frames for eighteen cents, and paintings in plaster frames, well gilded, for $1 75. They also sell lamps and candlesticks and sacred crosses made of china and glass. The women of this superior and artistic class deal in beaded pin-cushions, embroidered toilet "splashers," hymn and prayer books, rosaries, and I know not what besides. There are milliners, too, in the line, each with a stock of hats suggestive of a perennial Easter or an incessant May day.

But the strangest traders in the street are what I must call the jewelry junk-dealers. I am sure that if all the dead men at the bottom of the sea were called back to life and to inhabit a land by themselves, their salt-eaten, time-stained, sand-worn jewelry would look like this that men and women sell from trays and baskets in Vesey Street. It is all brass, nickel, copper, or white metal, and it looks as if it had been worn out, burned up, thrown into ash-barrels, and then picked out and offered to new wearers. Rings, bracelets, watch-cases, brass watches, chains, studs, pins, necklaces, brass combs, charms, and all the things that jewellers sell when they are new are here tossed carelessly together and offered for sale. Each collection may be worth a quarter of a dollar, but if so the value is not apparent to a lay observer. This is the oddest thing in this odd street, but the half of its curios are not here set forth. It has a horse-car tunnel opening out of it; the greatest restaurant in America (where 8000 persons are served every day) is within half a block of it, world-famous heroes sleep beside it; the great market is at its foot. It is worth studying. It is a bit of street bric-à-brac in the museum of the metropolis.





JOHN A. HIGHLANDS, PITCHER OF THE HARVARD NINE.

AMATEVR · SPORT

This Department went to press Thursday morning, June 29th, owing to Fourth of July coming on one of the usual printing days. Consequently the Harvard-Yale boat-race and final baseball game cannot be handled until our next issue.

A. P. ROGERS (YALE, '94, S.), No. 4.
Age, 19 yrs.; height, 6 ft. 1 in.; weight, 169 lbs.
Put in Yale boat after double-page illustration had gone to press.

ALL-AMERICA COLLEGE TEAM and the four regular substitutes for 1893 should be:

Catcher, Ranney of Dartmouth.
Pitcher, Carter of Yale.
First base, Weeks of Brown.
Second base, Stearns of Amherst.
Third base, Abbott of Harvard.
Short stop, Murphy of Yale.
Left field, Case of Yale.
Centre field, Hallowell of Harvard.
Right field, Payne of Princeton.
Substitute catcher, Upton of Harvard.
" pitcher, Highlands of Harvard.
" in-fielder, King of Princeton.
" out-fielder, Beall of Yale.

THE SEASON OF 1893 has been an especially productive and interesting one in college baseball. In football the elevens of the universities are always much superior to those of the smaller colleges in team-work, individual play, and general knowledge of the game. But this is not necessarily true of baseball. It is very seldom Harvard, Yale, or Princeton is scored against in football, and it is rarely the case that individuals in small college teams attract the attention their work sometimes really deserves. This comes about simply because so much depends on team-play in football and the ability of the men who are to block off or make holes that many a man's good work is never brought to light, because he cannot gain ground alone. This is why players in smaller colleges are so infrequently placed on an All-America college team. In baseball, however, the case is different, for every man's work stands out by itself. It is possible for him to shine in his position even if the team-play is lacking, but team-play is absolutely necessary to win games.

IT HAS BECOME BY NO MEANS UNCOMMON for Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Pennsylvania to be defeated by nines from the smaller colleges, and the captain worried into playing his best men when a rest was needed, to save a series from one of the "small fry" whose nine were playing winning ball. These games are well contested, and luck and a "substitute team" will not always explain the defeat. Brown's steady and effective play not only lowered Yale's colors in one game, but kept the blue from scoring, and had they played Cornell and Pennsylvania, would doubtless rank with the leaders. Amherst's showing against both Yale and Harvard has been very strong. It fairly earned a game from Yale's best team, and the defeat by Harvard (4–3) was questionable, to say the least. Cornell has played a hard, sportsmanlike game of ball, and shown great strength in the box. By winning the series from the University of Pennsylvania it slips into fourth place. Pennsylvania, Princeton, and Cornell are the only teams that have shown formidable strength outside of New England. The New England League (Amherst, Williams, and Dartmouth) is worthy of mention. The fight for the championship between these three teams has been very exciting, and productive of many hard-fought and scientific games. All three clubs had excellent material at the outset, and rarely do we see better battery work than these games have brought out. The University of Vermont has had a strong team for the past two years, and games with the big teams are always well contested. Pennsylvania and Yale were the victims this year. The team has an excellent battery, and the men have played together so long that their game is strong and steady. Wesleyan has had a very successful season, and played a steady game, especially on its own grounds. Pennsylvania's rather weak ending was disappointing. The team is composed of excellent material, and should have been more successful. They gave great promise at the beginning of the season, after their first bout with Harvard and Yale.

PRINCETON WORKED UP A VERY FAIR TEAM without much to start on, and has developed several good men. They showed remarkable hitting powers in the game with Pennsylvania at Princeton, and with Harvard at Cambridge, but the last game with Yale was miserable, and altogether unworthy of any 'varsity team.

Harvard has not had much to do in developing players, as the material was already at hand, and the best of the season. Harvard's game has been a strong one, but there has been difficulty in bringing out team-play. Brilliant individual effort has won many a game for Harvard this season, and equal lustre in the error column has lost others.

Yale began the season with only a few veterans, and spent some weeks, with much success, developing players. The new material was not above the average, but the improvement was so marked that now, at the end of the season, Yale is strong, and comes nearer playing a team game than any other nine. Very little real team-play has been seen this season.

IN MAKING UP AN ALL-AMERICA COLLEGE TEAM men must be chosen who have shown the most ability individually in their respective positions, and only what he has done taken into consideration, instead of what he might do under different circumstances. In football the choice is virtually from three or four teams, but in baseball the field is much larger.

No college season in my recollection has brought out so many really good pitchers as the present one. Heretofore some two or three have had things pretty much their own way, but the team not strong in the pitcher's box has been the exception this year. The pitchers who have done especially well this season all have some similar characteristics, but their distinguishing points divide them into three classes:

The first includes J. Highlands of Harvard, and Carter of Yale. These two men are far ahead of the rest of the field, and though Highlands is left and Carter right handed, there is a likeness in their work which puts them in a class by themselves. Both have terrific speed, and sharp, deceptive curves. Carter has a trifle the better of it so far as speed goes, and his control is much more certain. He is always at his best, whereas Highlands does not invariably give such an impression. These are the strongest men Harvard and Yale have had since the days of Nichols and Stagg. Indeed they impress one as being stronger, for the batting is more scientific now than it was in the day of those two great pitchers. If it is possible we shall get some figures to compare the four.

IN ANOTHER CLASS ARE FOUND a number of pitchers far above the average, and who, with a good field behind them, put up a very strong game. These rely more on curves and head-work than speed. All are regular and have good control, and rarely do opposing batsmen hit them to any extent. This class includes Bayne of Pennsylvania, who died last week, Colby of Amherst, Pond of Vermont, Sexton of Brown, Wiggin of Harvard, Bowers of Yale, and Drake of Princeton. Colby's best ball is his outdrop, which is very quick and deceptive, and he has used it with excellent judgment and results. Bayne and Pond both have an exceptionally good drop ball, which has proved especially effective against Yale. Sexton and Drake both rely on occasional speed and head-work, and both have done excellent work this year. Sexton's speedy ball keeps its height well; and Drake is a careful pitcher, who watches bases better than any other man in the box. Bowers of Yale and Wiggin of Harvard pitch very much alike, though the former is the better of the two. Neither man uses much speed, and their curves are not remarkable, yet head-work and care have made them both valuable men. Bowers can find an opposing batsman's weakness very quickly, and his slow balls rarely go anywhere but to this vulnerable spot. Wiggin uses time and is very careful, and has been fortunate in having a particularly strong team behind him.

STILL ANOTHER CLASS WILL INCLUDE Priest of Cornell, O'Connor of Dartmouth, Reese of Pennsylvania. Priest has proved himself the most reliable of the three, and is a very strong pitcher. All these men are left-handed, and have done excellent work during the past season. O'Connor of Dartmouth has as great possibilities as any man on the college field to-day, but an error or two change his naturally fine form into a wild conglomeration of curves and shoots, which work only his own defeat. He has beaten Harvard fairly on its own grounds, and he has as sharp curves as any pitcher of the season. Reese has done well, and pitched the bulk of the season for Pennsylvania. An overhand speedy ball is his best, which he varies by a change of pace.

This is an array of splendid material, to be sure; but, taking all things into consideration, there seems to be no doubt that the man who has fairly earned the position of pitcher on the All-America College Team is Carter of Yale. He has had more work and more responsibility than any other college pitcher, and has shown himself invincible, cool, and steady at critical moments. He is a thorough ball-player, and has all the requisites of a good pitcher—head-work, speed, and beautiful control. There is equally no doubt that J. Highlands of Harvard is the next best man. His record is an enviable one, and his hitting is strong. He pitches a very speedy ball, and at times an extremely deceptive one; he is erratic, however. With hard training Highlands would press Carter very hard. With this pair of pitchers a team would be almost invincible.

THE CATCHERS OF THIS SEASON are a variable lot, and, as a whole, have been unsteady. Those who have done the best work are Ranney of Dartmouth, Coogan of Pennsylvania, Upton of Harvard, Kedzie of Yale, Kinsella of Vermont, Mason of Harvard, Tenny of Brown, and Leahy of Holy Cross. Ranney has shown himself to be a very steady and reliable back stop, while his throwing and batting are strong. His greatest weakness is slowness in getting after passed balls and foul flies, yet he is sure in handling them. His long experience makes him steady, and he understands his position thoroughly. Coogan of Pennsylvania, Upton of Harvard, Kinsella of Vermont, and Kedzie of Yale have all played in good form, and all are swift and accurate throwers. Upton of Harvard is a reliable man, and his hitting is very strong. Mason of Harvard is brilliant and wretched by turns, but he is erratic and unsteady. His throwing is very loose, but his hitting and base-running are strong. Tenny of Brown coaches his pitcher well, and his work shows care and is very even. Leahy of Holy Cross is a beautiful back stop and thrower, and his work this year has been excellent. His hitting is his weakest point. Mason of Harvard and Kedzie of Yale both have had particularly hard men to hold, yet this fact does not excuse the uncertainty and fumbling credited to both these men in the first Harvard-Yale game at Cambridge, and to Mason in the second game at New Haven. Ranney should be given the position of catcher, and Upton's all-round work entitles him to second choice.

THERE HAS BEEN NO REMARKABLE WORK on first base this season, and although several men have played the place well, none has displayed that peculiar fitness seen in other positions. The men who have shown the best form are Weeks of Brown, Hunt of Amherst, Stephenson of Yale, Goeckle of Pennsylvania, Guild of Princeton, Trafford of Harvard, and Allen of Vermont. Weeks of Brown has filled his position for several years on a team composed of fast ball-players, and shown himself to be a thoroughly reliable man. His hitting is not particularly strong, but his fielding is brilliant. Hunt of Amherst has been playing a steady game, and ranks well up among first-basemen. Stephenson of Yale has done remarkably well for his first year. He is a heavy though not a sure hitter, and fields his position well. He will have a good start on first-basemen next year. Goeckle, Trafford, Guild, and Allen have all been strong in their positions. Goeckle and Guild are both a bit unsteady. Guild has been hitting in good form recently, and improved in fielding. Goeckle's throw in the game with Yale at New Haven was inexcusable. Trafford of Harvard is a conscientious player, and generally reliable. Allen of Vermont scarcely shows his four years' experience, but covers his ground well. There seems to be no question of Weeks's superiority as a first-baseman, while Stephenson of Yale is second choice over Trafford on his batting.

THERE HAS BEEN LITTLE NEW MATERIAL on second base, and the last year's men are still in the lead. Second base is an easy position to play tolerably, but a hard one to fill well. The best men are Stearns of Amherst, King of Princeton, Hovey of Harvard, Thomson of Pennsylvania, and Jones of Brown. Beall has done very good work on second for Yale, but his few games are no criterion of what his season's work would have been. He is a valuable man in any position. Stearns of Amherst is an exceptionally good man. His batting and fielding are both remarkably strong and he is one of the few men who have hit Carter fairly and squarely when Carter was doing his best. His fielding is sure, and his record is an enviable one. King of Princeton

can play his position in beautiful form, but his last exhibition in New York was worse than school-boy work. In touching a base-runner with the ball King is unsurpassed, and by his clever work he has saved his catcher many a slow throw. Hovey of Harvard is a very strong in-fielder and a good hitter. Thomson of Pennsylvania and Jones of Brown have done well, but both are apt to be unsteady. Stearns of Amherst easily deserves his position as second-baseman, with King as an able substitute.

THE BEST THIRD-BASEMEN are Rustin of Yale, Abbott of Harvard, Magill of Brown, Hollister of Pennsylvania, Gunster of Princeton, and Arbuthnot of Yale. Rustin was beginning to play in splendid form, when he was spiked in the first Princeton game, and this stopped his baseball for this season. Abbott of Harvard is a thoroughly experienced player, and has few superiors as a third-baseman. His several years' drill at Dartmouth gave him an advantage at the start, which he has maintained. His hitting and fielding are both strong. Magill of Brown is another experienced man, and plays a highly satisfactory game at third. His long practice makes him well acquainted with his territory, and he places himself extremely well. He is not a strong hitter. Hollister of Pennsylvania has been playing a fine game at third. His batting has been the feature of all Pennsylvania's recent games. He is quick and active, and is well built for a baseman. Gunster of Princeton did well for an inexperienced player, and has been steady, except in his first game against Harvard. Arbuthnot, who took Rustin's place for Yale, has shown very good form and played the base well. His hitting is not sure, though it has been timely. Third base on the All-America nine should go to Abbott, with Hollister as substitute.

THERE ARE FOUR SHORT STOPS who have shown exceptional ability this season, and these are Sullivan of Harvard, Murphy of Yale, Coutrell of Pennsylvania, and Steere of Brown. Sullivan is another of Harvard's experienced men, and is a fine in-fielder. His game has been more brilliant than sure, and his hitting excellent. He is a thorough and graceful ball-player, and a very valuable man, but he would be more valuable if he would not try to be so brilliant. His errors have been costly ones for Harvard. Murphy has only recently entered the race, but his old-time form was not long in returning. He covers more ground than any college short stop, and his throwing to first base has never been surpassed on the college diamond, and rarely equalled. He fields the ball quickly, and then sends it without an instant's loss swiftly and accurately into the first-baseman's hands. His batting is scientific, and base-running very clever. Coutrell and Steere both have excellent throws to first from their position, and both cover ground well. Steere's playing is the steadier, and he is also a good batter. Murphy unquestionably out-classes any other short stop. Sullivan is second choice.

CASE OF YALE HAS MADE HIMSELF the best left-fielder of the year. He has played the position at Yale for two seasons, and his fielding work is very sure. He is a heavy hitter and a sharp base-runner. McKenzie of Princeton has improved wonderfully this year, and covers a great deal of ground in left field. If his stick-work were better he would be as good a man as Case. His throwing to the plate is swift, but not so accurate as that of the Yale man. These two lead all other left-fielders, though some brilliant work has been done by catchers and pitchers when filling the position. Case has fairly earned the place, and McKenzie is an able substitute.

In centre field there are more players who have attained distinction this year. These men are Hallowell of Harvard, Woodcock of Princeton, George of Brown, Bliss of Yale, and Beall of Yale. Hallowell of Harvard is the best man in the out field Harvard or any other university ever had. He takes great care and practises faithfully. He is a strong batter and a splendid base-runner. His throwing is sure, and his record in baseball and football will long be remembered. Frank Hallowell is a type of the college athlete in his highest development—a gentleman and an amateur. Woodcock of Princeton and Bliss of Yale are both sure men on a fly ball, and their throwing is hard and accurate. Woodcock's record in the game with Yale at Princeton was an exceptional one. Bliss is a weak hitter, and his utility is confined to the out field, where he excels.

George of Brown has done remarkable work this year, and some of his catches of long drives have been wonderful. He is a young player, and will undoubtedly make his mark before he leaves college. His hitting is not strong, but this will improve with experience, as his form is good. Beall of Yale is one of the most useful men of the season. His run-getting powers are great. As a centre-fielder he has few equals. He covers ground well, and is a good thrower. His batting is scientific, and base-running excellent. Taking all things into consideration, Hallowell of Harvard is the best man of the season in centre field, and deserves his position on the All-America team. If Beall had been able to play through the season in the out field, his work would bear a more strict comparison with Hallowell; as it is, he is easily the next best man for centre field.

IN RIGHT FIELD, AS IN LEFT, is frequently seen an end of a battery, and few men have held the position regularly. Of these regular men the two best are Payne of Princeton and Speer of Yale. Payne is one of the best hitting out-fielders Princeton has ever had. His work against Yale and Harvard has been very strong in this respect. He is sure of a fly ball, and understands his position well. His clever hitting is followed by good base-running, which makes him a valuable man. Speer of Yale has played strongly for his first season. He fairly earned his position, and has filled it well. His throwing is swift and true, and his hitting generally hard. If he keeps up his gait next season, he will easily be among the best out-fielders in the college world. Payne of Princeton should be given the position of right-fielder, and Speer of Yale will make an able substitute.

IN MAKING UP THIS NATIONAL team, all college nines that have played really good ball have been taken into consideration. In years past, when picking an All-America baseball team, the players of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton only have been regarded. This year, however, the average of play by all colleges was so good that a thoroughly representative nine could not be chosen without enlarging the field to include many that had heretofore been ignored. There are still one or two smaller colleges in New England that have continued offenders in the spirit, if not in the letter, of the amateur law, though, generally speaking, much improvement is apparent in this direction. Next year we are promised that all traces of semi-professionalism will be obliterated, and in this hope some college teams are included here that otherwise would be left off the list. With more space at our command next year, every college that offends will be thoroughly ventilated in these columns. College baseball must be kept absolutely pure, cost what it may.

YALE PLAYED A GREAT GAME of baseball in the second of the series with Harvard, at New Haven, on the 27th, and won, 3–0. Harvard lost by errors, it is true, but errors that were inexcusable, and were not to be looked for in a team composed of such veterans. All Harvard's experience and superior batting availed them nothing. Yale won because they played a steadier game, and because they were equal to an emergency when it came. It seems impossible for Harvard to arise to emergencies, whether in baseball, football, or rowing; evidently it is a quality unknown at Cambridge, and one to which the coachers should pay great attention in making up future teams. It was a magnificent game until the last half of the eighth, when Yale went to the bat. Not a run had been made. Carter was the first man to the bat in this fatal inning, and outdid himself by a safe hit to right field. He went to second on one of Mason's passed balls, and got to third on Murphy's clean hit to centre field. Murphy stole second without any trouble; in fact, every Yale man who could run a little bit was able to reach second. Beall popped up a fly to Highlands, and Case came to the bat. He made an easy sacrifice hit, which Sullivan captured, and with his accustomed "brilliancy" hurled at Mason, who was obliged to get a couple of yards towards third base to reach it; he stopped the ball, but did not hold it; got in the way of Carter, who was coming in from third; was knocked over and dazed, the ball rolling along the line while Murphy came home. Highlands got the ball, and threw it so high to second to catch Case that Frothingham could not have reached it with a ten-foot pole, and before the ball could be fielded Case also had crossed the plate, and Yale had won the game. Mason seemed unable to either hold the ball or throw to second; he let one man steal third at his pleasure, and made three costly errors. Kedzie put up a good game; Bliss muffed a fly, though he made a pretty catch of another, and Speer made a bad fumble, which let a man to third, as did Beall. Other than this Yale played a faultless game, Murphy and Case doing remarkably good work, the former especially distinguishing himself by stopping Kedzie's high throw to second. Harvard's game was good until that eighth inning, though Frothingham's being caught at first was inexcusable. Carter pitched a strong game, holding Harvard's heavy batters down to two hits and striking out five. Highlands was not in the form he displayed at Cambridge, and let up in the last few innings. He struck out six men and allowed four hits. The third and deciding game is being decided in New York while this department is on the press. Where two nines are so evenly matched the slightest misplay is certain to decide the winner. Yale has surely shown steadier form, and on that account the chances are slightly in their favor.

COLLEGE SCORES—SEASON 1893.

HARVARD.

April—	*May—*
2. Har. 12, Andover 0	8. Har. 6, U. of Penn.......... 7
3. " 11, Matthews 1	15. " 2, Brown 2
5. " 14, Lehigh. 2	18. " 0, Holy Cross 2
6. " 12, U. of Penn.........12	20. " 4, Amherst 3
7. " 2, Georgetown 3	22. " 20, Cornell 3
8. " 1, U. of Virginia..... 1	24. " 9, Amherst 2
11. " 2, Boston............10	30. " 9, Princeton 8
17. " 15, Thomson-Houston 3	
19. " 15, Williams 1	*June—*
22. " 6, Holy Cross......... 3	1. Har. 5, Georgetown 1
24. " 6, Amherst 0	3. " 4, Yale Law School.... 3
26. " 20, Dartmouth........ 0	8. " 10, Holy Cross 1
29. " 7, Brown 4	10. " 2, Brown 0
	12. " 10, U. of Penn.......... 4
May—	14. " 14, U. of Penn.......... 8
1. Har. 11, Tufts 2	15. " 12, U. of Vermont...... 2
6. " 7, Princeton 0	

YALE.

March—	*May—*
30. Yale 6, U. of Penn........ 11	6. Yale 6, U. of Penn.......... 5
31. " 13, Wash. Y.M.C.A... 8	8. " 2, Wesleyan.......... 4
	10. " 0, Brown.............. 2
April—	13. " 13, Orange A. C......... 6
1. Yale 14, U. of Virginia 8	15. " 6, Amherst............ 3
3. " 11, U. of Virginia 4	20. " 5, Princeton 1
4. " 7, Johns Hopkins 7	24. " 3, Wesleyan........... 2
5. " 8, U. of Penn......... 7	30. " —, Orange A, C........—
10. " 5, Boston 8	31. " 2, Andover............ 0
14. " 7, Dartmouth 0	
17. " 4, New York.........10	*June—*
19. " 4, N. Y. A. C......... 6	3. Yale 1, Amherst............ 5
22. " 6, Brooklyn..........13	7. " 6, Andover............ 2
26. " 0, New York......... 9	10. " 2, Princeton........... 0
29. " 10, Williams 0	13. " 3, U. of Vermont...... 4
	17. " 14, Princeton 7
May—	22. " —, Harvard ....—
2. Yale 6, Brown. 0	

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

U. of P. 18, Swarthmore.... 2	*May—*
" 59, Swarthmore.... 1	9. U. of P. 18, Lehigh.......... 7
March—	11. " 2, Cornell.......... 5
30. U. of P. 11, Yale 6	20. " 21, Lafayette 1
	24. " 8, Princeton.......20
April—	27. " 4, Princeton 5
5. U. of P. 7, Yale 8	30. " 19, Yale Law School 7
6. " 12, Harvard.........12	31. " 12, Lafayette 1
15. " 12, U. of Vermont..29	
17. " 35, Trinity.......... 8	*June—*
22. " 28, Columbia 1	3. U. of P. 16, Johns Hopkins.. 3
24. " 30, Wesleyan 2	7. " 4, Princeton....... 2
26. " 15, Georgetown.... 2	9. " 5, Cornell 7
29. " 17, Lehigh.......... 4	10. " 3, Cornell 6
	12. " 4, Harvard.........14
May—	14. " 8, Harvard......... 7
6. U. of P. 4, Yale 5	

BROWN.

Brown 4, Boston League........ 6	Brown 2, Andover 7
" 9, N. E. League.......... 3	" 7, Providence League.... 4
" 11, Tufts 3	" 1, Yale Law School...... 8
" 10, Boston College........ 3	" 7, Providence League....12
" 3, Dartmouth 2	" 0, Georgetown 3
" 5, Harvard 7	" 5, Georgetown 6
" 0, Yale 7	" 2, Amherst 6
" 7, Yale Law School 4	" 0, Harvard 2
" 4, Holy Cross........... 0	" 10, Amherst 1
" 2, Yale (11 innings)...... 0	" 2, Holy Cross 1
" 2, Harvard (10 innings).. 2	" 3, U. of Vermont........ 1
" 6, Holy Cross............14	" 5, Holy Cross............10
" 10, Cornell 2	" 11, Yale Law School...... 2

THE AMATEUR BASEBALL LEAGUE SEASON is about half over, and the two New Jersey clubs are the leaders. The New Jersey Athletic Club stands at the head, with an enviable record which is entirely due to the pitching of Westervelt. He ranks very high among amateurs this season, and should his team capture the pennant it will be due to his work alone. Second in the League stands the Englewood Field Club, which is about the finest aggregation of batters and fielders ever seen on an amateur team outside of the large colleges. But an erratic pitcher is causing this nine much trouble. Some days Anderson is invincible, while at other times the hits run as high as a dozen. His support behind the bat by T. B. Cuming is almost perfect, and Mowry, Mattocks, Small, and Prosser, make a first-class in field. Lever and McDonald in the out field are sure on fly balls, and will stand at the head of the League in batting when the season is concluded.

THE TWO STATEN ISLAND CLUBS are much weaker. The Athletics, which have held the pennant for years, do not seem to be in winning condition by any means. Brush and Van Zant, who were so fine at the bat and in the field last year, are disappointing their friends this season, while Clare's pitching has been decidedly poor. The Staten Island Cricket Club is weak in every department. Tyng, who played so well when at Harvard, is now an easy mark for the League batsmen. His support is not good enough to hold down the runs, and consequently the opposing nines have made big scores. All things considered, it looks as though the four teams would finish the season in the same positions as given herewith, except that the Englewood nine may pass the New Jersey Athletic Club, provided its pitcher gets down to steady work shortly.

THE CANOE RACING SEASON began Decoration day, and through June there were races every week. The regattas already held are: the Associated Clubs on the Passaic; the Eastern Division Meet of the American Canoe Association on the Connecticut, at Haddam Island; the Brooklyn Canoe Club Annual, the New York Canoe Club Annual, and the invitation races of the Marine and Field Club on Gravesend Bay. In the West the Milwaukee Club is the only one of importance that has held races up to date, and its events are interesting to canoe-men generally simply because the fast Yonker's canoe *Glenwood*, of 1892, is now owned by a member of the Western club, and renamed *Electra*. Two other fast Eastern canoes are also on this club's register.

The only regatta thus far held that brought the best boats and men together was the Marine and Field, June 24th. There were no very fast canoes in the races on the Passaic or Connecticut. Howard of the New York Canoe Club won the Brooklyn race easily, as his *Aztec* was the only first-class canoe in the race. The New York regatta was sailed in a heavy rain. In spite of the weather a good fleet of the club canoes started, Barrington winning in his old patched-up *Toltec*, with Howard second, and Moore close behind him. This race was valuable in showing that the changes Howard made in his canoe have improved the speed, and also in showing that the lead bulb on the centreboard of Moore's canoe—an experiment tried last year without definite results—is no hindrance to speed, and a great gain in stability.

HOWARD WON THE UNLIMITED RACE in the morning of the Marine and Field day in a very light and variable wind, and though he did no better sailing than Butler, who was in the *Wasp* (a canoe he has devoted himself to for four years), the luck all went Howard's way. The sailing of both Goddard and Butler in their comparatively old boats showed that the new canoes are no better, if as good, in light weather, and that canoe sailing and models have improved little in the last four years. Butler won the club race easily in a stiff breeze in the afternoon. Neither Howard nor Goddard was entered. Moore got second place, and the new canoe sailed by Whitlock, which in many ways is the most perfectly constructed sailing canoe yet built, made a very poor showing. The fin-keel centreboard canoe *Pioneer* made a good showing the first round, but met with a mishap on the windward work which prevented any fair comparison of her sailing qualities with the other boats. In the morning race she was under-rigged. Her owner, H. G. Ward, was not able to sail, which partly accounts for the poor performance, and a friend who was new to the canoe held the stick.

IN THE CUP RACE LATE in the afternoon Goddard, Howard, and Schieffelin (in Moore's canoe *Torment*) led the fleet, and had a wonderfully close and exciting race. Schieffelin got the lead early, and held it till his main-sheet block-fastening parted. While he was making repairs both Goddard and Howard passed him. On the second round the wind suddenly shifted from west to east and blew hard, thus placing all the canoes on even terms again, with a dead run before the wind for the finish. Goddard was hit hard and upset twice, and Howard came staggering along under more sail than he could carry, with his booms in the water half the time. Schieffelin handled his canoe to perfection, held her up, and came down for the line at a tremendous rate, and won with a good margin. It was a matter of regret that Barrington did not enter any of the races, and that Von Nardroff had an accident to his canoe a few days before the races, which prevented him from sailing. The latter has done such good work in his rebuilt *Bonnie*, and has put to the test so many new ideas, that it was a great misfortune he could not try his luck against the cracks. He will be heard from later in the season. New canoes and new rigs are never in good condition for racing so early in the season.

THE NORTHWESTERN INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASS'N held its first annual track meeting, June 3d, in Chicago, a bad track, wet weather, and poor performances being the features. This association is modelled after the Eastern association, and the University of Michigan (Ann Arbor), University of Wisconsin (Madison), Northwestern University (Evanston), and the University of Minnesota are members, but the last-named did not send a team. Ann Arbor took first, 58 points; Madison, second, with 36; Northwestern, third, 12. In baseball Ann Arbor seems to be about as strong as any; Madison, has done quite well; but the University of Minnesota and a few other teams vary greatly from season to season, owing to newness and rawness, lack of experience, training, and "tradition."

The most creditable performances were made in the 100 yards, done in 10½ seconds, though it is not likely the winner could make the same time with experienced men holding the watches; and the running broad jump, 21 ft. 5 in., though the second man fell back to 20 ft., and the third to 19 ft. 8 in.

The balance of the events were won in slow time, and the field events were of the same order, and little better than our interscholastic records.

In Iowa there seems to be a growing spirit in baseball and in track athletics.

This association provides also for a series of football games and an annual field-day in tennis, Chicago to be the site of all championship matches. Baseball throughout this section has not been free from professionalism, but great progress towards purification has been made in the last and present seasons.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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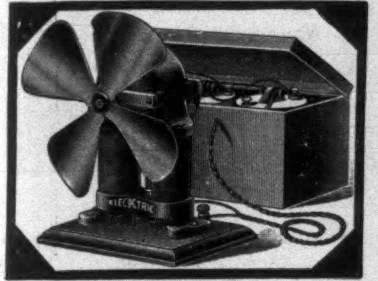

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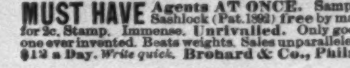

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